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THE LANDLUBBERS

BY GERTRUDE KING

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Dick read my face, and held out an arm as he stood leaning against a pile of empty packing cases. "Come here, Polly," said he, as gently and sadly as if I had been only a very naughty little girl. "Don't think things like that, darling—leave them to me, they're not fit for you. Let's be good, my dearie, and we'll come through all right—I'll bet you we will!"

He was so good that I crushed the evil thing out of my mind, and tried to be patient. But the next few days were very trying. She kept much out of sight, as silent and idle as a servant in the day; nevertheless we did not dare to leave the storeroom alone. Dick slept each night in the cabin just across the passage, and through the day we relieved each other on guard. The confinement told upon us sadly, for we had been used to spending every free moment upon the dack, and our only remaining pleasure had been side by side to watch the clouds and the sea. Now, every moment spent away from the closeness of the hold was for either of us a solitary comfort for which the other had to pay.

I had, besides, an added secret anxiety which I would not confess to Dick; I was become the victim of a constant nervous terror of Mrs. Gately. The silent, slinking ill-will of the woman weighed upon me like a wet garment. I feared to meet her at a turn in the passage, in a corner of the deck. I dreaded alike her violence and her feigned amiability. And I also feared the failure of my own self-control that my nerves would snap in her presence, that there would be some horrid scene of unbridled anger which would put an end to all pretence of humanity among us.

And then, besides, I had to fear for Dick. He was as cheerful, as patient, as ever, and there was a gentle, tender, thoughtfulness for me which kept me constantly on the verge of tears. But he was daily growing more ill, more and more in need of peace and secure happiness and that care which was beneath the hand the resources of science and civilization. He was very thin, and his hands burnt on mine, and his eyes were restless and haunted. The inward impatience he must have felt betrayed itself in nervous gestures and a sharpened voice, but in no other way, and the effort he made for my sake wore him down the more from day to day.

We had, as I said, long since lost all idea of days and weeks. But it must have been nearly a week since I had last seen Flossie Gately, when I was startled to come upon her at the head of the stair. I was on my way to the deck; she was returning; she bowed, and with a hideous civility stood aside to let me pass.

At that moment there came into my mind the memory of a certain duel I had witnessed long since, from my window in Carsonville, Illinois. A large cat, of a stained and shabby tortoise-shell, was treading daintily and leisurely along the path in our back yard. From behind a rose bush darted another cat, larger, shabbier, more evil of eye, blatantly eager to provoke a quarrel. Vocal and fiery eyed, he sprang at the tortoise-shell, insulting him with every feline term of reproach which could be expressed by tongue and bristling fur and expanded tail. And the tortoise-shell? He sat down. He curled his tail around his paws, yawned and licked his lips. The bigger cat was evidently what an elder generation would call "nonplussed;" he exploded a few more insults—and fled. The cat who had sat down uncurled his tail and rose, yawning.

I remembered that cat, and I sat down, literally, on the top step, with as leisurely an air as I could muster. She stared, and hurried by me, down the steps. I called to her: "Mrs. Gately—you've forgotten to speak to me!" She paused half-way down the stair.

"Oh—how do you do!"

My blood was beginning to rise, in great leaps, a breath or so between. "Don't you think we would better have a little talk?"

"Oh—if you think best!"

The bright, hot sunlight poured in upon her. Her face was, I told myself, even more drawn and strained than my own. Her hair was rough and dry, and its elaborate arrangement was dishevelled, and her garments were creased and dragged about her. Evidently she had not had patience to keep up her pretence of indifference; her whip hand had, as it were, grown limp. There was something pitiful about her—as, I daresay, there was about me. But there were, so to speak, two of me, and here, out on that careless deep, under the empty sky, there was but one of her. My moment for pity had come, had I known it; but I did not know it.

Still I felt the pressure of many things upon me, and did not hasten to speak, and she grew nervous under my scrutiny. "You wanted to speak to me?"

"Yes." I had now felt the power of silence, and tried a little more of it—I was the Cat Who Had Sat Down with a vengeance! And before my inner eye was the vision of Dick, wan-faced, thin-cheeked, bending under his death-sentence as surely as any prisoner bounded by stone walls and not by the impermeable waves of the sea. Something began to hum and throb in my ears. "I wished to ask you what you are doing."

"What I am doing?" she repeated nervously, her hands clasping and unclasping at each other.

"Do you wish to starve us and yourself?"

She tried to laugh. "Oh, I have plenty!"

"For how long?"

"For as long as I please!" Her courage was coming back, and she spoke quite saucily.

"You—and—we—may remain afloat longer than you please!"

"Oh—you!" She laughed shrilly; it was the last crowning flicker of her bravado.

"Yes, we! Please remember that Mr. Darragh and myself have determined to stay. And remember also that we're two to your one!"

She became sulky. "Oh, so you're threatening me?"

"Yes!"

All the commonness in her took possession of her face, blotting out, for the moment, her prettiness. Her eyes became dull with a calculating terror. "With what?—I dare you to tell me what!" she demanded desperately.

"We will lock you up."

Solitude, which plays havoc with poor natures, had had its way with her, eaten her, corroded her. "What will you do?" she panted, with a wretched attempt at bravado.

"We can lock you up!"

"Lock me up—me! He lock me up, he who ought to be locked in the condemned cell—he! Oh, we'll be spared, we'll all be spared, and then you'll see who'll mete out these things! You two—a murderer and his accomplice, to talk of 'locking up'—and to me!" She was against the wall now, with an awful strength in her; she had her own justice with her, poor woman, and, though I kept myself well together, I felt the weight of it. "James Fenneck will rise out of the sea to clamor for you!" she cried. "You will have my justice done you—mine—mine!"

The warmth flickered slowly out of her face; she was worn out, for the time not fit to be the tool even of hate. "You'll get it!" she repeated dully, and stumbled down the stairs and away.

That night Dick, lying outside the store-room door, was roused from sleep by a heavy glancing blow. He sprang and grappled, crying out, and I, rushing with a light, found him holding her by the wrists as she struggled, hot-eyed and silent, in his grasp.

We bound her, as gently as might be, and shut her in an empty cabin, and left her, while I examined Dick's head. There was an ugly, abraded bruise along his cheek and temple, but nothing for which we needed to fear a serious consequence. We found near by a heavy pin of iron weighing six or seven pounds.

"What surprises me," commented Dick, "is that she didn't bite me!"

The next problem was what to do with her—or, for that matter, with ourselves. Things had already got with us, what with dead hope, confinement, and wretched food—it will seem to a landsman that I have inverted the order of our miseries, but it is not so—to a sickening pitch. And now came this warfare with a wretched woman, a frantic, soul-sick, friendless creature. It seemed to us like a war among vermin, so abandoned and helpless were we all. I am convinced that had we, Dick or I, had to face her alone we would, out of sheer shame, have given in. But together there arose between us a frantic desire of life for the sake of life which kept us fighting.

Later in the day we loosened her bonds, gave her food and a bottle of water (which she feigned to ignore), and left her to herself in the locked cabin, fortifying its door by a heap of heavy things, trunks, cases of tinned meats, and ironware from the galley, and went on deck together, for the first time in several days.

It was a calm and beautiful afternoon, rather hot and thunderous, but with a fresh southwest wind and a silvering sky. Hand in hand we wandered to a welcome bit of shadow—the southeast side of a deck cabin—and sank down side by side.

And now we could take count of what the sea and the sky had wrought upon our worn old ship. We saw now that the aft second-cabin had sunk so that it must have been awash for some time, since the rail and stanchions were already fluffy with green weed, and the mustard-yellow blotches of kelp were waving and flopping upon the deck. The paint, what there was of it, was everywhere blistered and peeled, and the fresh lilac of bare wood was showing everywhere. The neglected windows of the deck cabins were already beginning to display a faint iridescence, the mirror of the changeful sea. Nearly all of the deck furnishings that we had kept, chairs, tables, life-preservers were piled in desperate, settled heaps against the taffrails, lodged soddenly in the scuppers. All the upper ship had a wretched, inveterate, hopeless look of neglect, of slow ruin.

We looked into each other's eyes, saw the worst, and put it behind us. Hand in hand we paced the deck, in a pathetic, intimate silence.

But there was, after a while, something to be seen, an obscure comforting something. The crevasses in the sea-water, as of cleaved agate, were grown more numerous, the thickets of the sea-forest less dense.

"Do you see it?" panted Dick.

"How can I help seeing it, dear?"

"Then it's true; I don't just fancy it!" His voice had a faint, faraway sound. "If you knew how I've longed for a look at the wide, blue, open sea! To get away from this filthy brown tangle—to feel the water slipping by—and then—perhaps—to smell the land-breeze—oh, my God!"

His hand was so hot, his voice so broken, his eyes so haggard, that I feared to trust myself to speak.

"I feel it," he said presently. "We're going Home at last! The luck's turned! It always does when things just—just reach the limit! And this old tub is just about the limit now—just the limit of dilapidation and foulness and infection. We've all got horrid fevers in our souls, my Polly, the whole wretched three of us, and we'll all be ever so bright-shining and friendly once we get ashore!" He had talked himself, as he often did, into cheerfulness, and now he stood still, holding my hands at arms' length. "Mrs. Gately is going to give me the loveliest wedding present—I can see her picking it in Bond street—you're to be just as jealous! Make it up with me now, there's a good little sweet Polly!"

"Dick, you're too foolish!"

"I know—that's why you love me." But I had drawn away from him. A faint odor drifted to my nostrils and set me sniffing, an odor, forgotten, but familiar—the scent of wood-smoke. "Dick—do you smell it?" I panted.

"Smoke! Where?" he cried, and ran to the stairway.

It was, of course, the work of Mrs. Gately, who had chosen this means of ending her captivity. The smoke grew thicker as we descended and at her door it curled in wreaths between the interstices of our rude barricade.

Dick flung down her prison wall, and found that the door was secured from within. We knocked and called, but she either could not or would not answer us. There was nothing to be done but to break in the door, and hurling down the barricade he began an attack with an ax upon the panelling. At the third or fourth blow the door was suddenly opened—so suddenly as to jerk the ax-handle out of Dick's hands, and send him stumbling and sprawling forward, almost into Mrs. Gately's arms as she stood, strangely composed, before us. Her face was flushed and hot, her eyes dry, her hair in disorder, one sleeve of her blouse was blackened and torn, and a red, seared streak marred the whiteness of her arm. She glared at us with more than a wild beast's stupid hatred, the muscles of her throat twitching. Behind her, little tongues of flame curled and crept along the curtains of the berth. "Can't you leave me in peace even here?" she jerked out.

Dick seized her roughly by the arm and thrust her out. "Were you trying to kill yourself?" he demanded over his shoulder, as he tore down the blazing stuff and thrust it out of the porthole—which he had to open.

"It was an accident," she said glibly but sullenly.

The last smouldering fragment quenched in the sea, Dick turned upon her. "Now, see here, Mrs. Gately, can't we make an end of this? I can't quite see your little game—but it's a very unpleasant one for all of us, and it seems to me that we're uncomfortable enough as it is—"

"That's what I want to make you!" she interrupted fiercely. "I want to make you suffer, to wear you out, to give you no peace nor security—to use you up——"

"But in heaven's name, why?" replied Dick thoughtlessly.

"Do you ask me why, you—murderer!"

I cried out, but Dick caught my hand and crushed it in his. "Leave it to me, dear," he whispered. And—may I be forgiven for it—in my fear of this desperate, driven woman, I did, like the coward I was, leave it to him.

"Mrs. Gately," he said, gently, "you know I didn't—didn't kill James Fenneck without provocation. You yourself saw what he tried to do to me only a little while before."

"Yes, I know there was bad blood between you!" she answered. "I'll testify to that in any court I can drag you into."

"Oh, well," he replied patiently, "that's the very point. Can't you see that you're making it impossible to take me into any court?"

"Do you suppose I care how I finish you?" she panted. "However I do it, you'll have the advantage of me, you'll be ahead of the game."

"I don't know what you mean," said Dick helplessly.

A strange look came into her eyes as they rested on him. "Ask that woman there," she jerked out, as she flung away along the close dark passage.

As we wandered back to the store-room, Dick sighed. "To think that I was fool enough to imagine that the luck had changed!"

"Perhaps it has. At least, now we know what she's up to."

"But do we?"

"We know she is, apparently, up to the very worst."

"Oh, Lord!" sighed Dick, "I knew that before!" He flung himself down on a case marked "Huntley & Palmer," and clasped his knees. "But what did she mean by telling me, in that beastly way, to ask you?"

"I suppose because I'm a woman, and I can, in a way, understand her."

"But do you?"

"In a way," I repeated. "Oh, Dick, I do feel sorry for her! Think what a life a woman like that must have had, the pinch and the shabbiness, and the shame of it. And then there comes Fenneck, and he wants to give her security and luxury and the sort of outward respectability she's always longed for—and all at once the whole thing is taken away—do you wonder that she's bitter—a woman like that?"

"My word, but you do understand, though! But why in the name of common sense does she take it out on—oh, there—I beg your pardon, dear, I quite forgot. I'm afraid," he added wickedly, "that guilt sits but lightly upon me!"

I felt the tears were coming, but I tried to force them back. "Oh, how do you suppose it weighs upon me?" I cried. "If it wasn't for you I'd be glad if she killed me—I ought to be killed—I—"

Dick unclasped his legs and patted my head. "That is positively the most disgusting, sentimental rot I've ever heard from your pretty little mouth. Stop it this minute and tell me where you keep the can-opener. Are we going to have salmon and peas or shrimp?—I see all the chicken is gone."

CHAPTER VIII.

In the night there came thunder and a pelting, slashing rain, which lasted, as a cool, persistent drizzle, over the next day. We kept below, close and irksome as it was, and were rewarded by hearing and seeing no evidence of Mrs. Gately's presence.

On the morning following I woke early, and saw the sunlight dancing upon the curtains of the berth. I dressed as quickly as I could and went out, up to the deck for a breath of air. The morning was beautifully clear and fresh, the sky was a great, deep, sapphire bowl with only a few tiny clouds lying like inset pearls, far down its curving side. And to the north, just under the sky, lay a widening band of a deeper blue—the water of the wide, open sea.

We were drifting toward it, slowly but steadily. The luck had turned, after all.

After a long, delicious look I went below to call Dick. He was already up and met me at the cabin stair.

"Luck turned, eh, dearie? What did I tell you?" He spoke cheerfully, but his voice was faint and husky, and his eyes were large in his white face.

Aren't you well, dear Dickie?"

"Perfectly—simply bully!" But he kept his hand on my shoulder, clutching so tight that his grasp hurt me. "You'll see," he went on, "we're far enough out now for anything to happen—and something will happen—soon—oh, soon!"

"Dick—what do you mean, dear?" The wildness of his manner died down. "Nothing—that is, nothing but hope. My head's a little queer from the air down there—and I haven't slept."

"Oh, Dick! Why didn't you bring a blanket up here——"

"And leave you under the same planks with her? Hardly! But will you think me very selfish if I flop down now for a little while?"

I led him to the shaded side of the ship, and he slipped down, panting, and closed his eyes.

"Oh, that's glorious!" he murmured. "Just the least little whiff of a nap, and I'll be in splendid shape!"

But when I came up with coffee 20 minutes later he had not slept. He lay very still with wide-open eyes, and stared when I touched him as if I had been a shape of horror. "What's that?" he whispered hoarsely, staring about him. It was a perceptible time before he knew me, and then he trembled from head to foot. It was with only the greatest difficulty that he was able to swallow, and he protested feebly that even the coffee sickened him. I could not disguise from myself that he was very ill—or was to be so very, very soon.

The situation was one which did not bear thinking about, and I set myself to work to make him as comfortable as possible, working hard and forcing myself to fix my mind on tangible, pressing things. I brought up blankets and pillows for him and a little store of the most delicate food we had left, and stretched a rug before him, so that as the sun moved its light would not distress him, for I was determined not to let him go down again into that foul cavern beneath our feet. And somehow, dreadful as things seemed at that moment, it was with a sense of relief that I transferred the setting of our daily life to the open deck. I would not let myself dwell upon the fact that we were beleaguered, driven from one outpost to another remoter, in a way, from safety. I kept repeating to myself that we were on the border of the open sea, drifting south-southeast—and that Dick would soon be well.

He lay very quiet, staring out to sea. Sometimes he spoke incoherently, and it was plainly an effort for him, in brain, as well as body, to make himself understood. Once my few tasks were finished I found it impossible to thrust aside the heaviness of my thoughts, and as he plainly wished me to sit where he could see my face, it was a struggle not to show the gnawing fear I felt.

The day dragged on, and with every inch of shadow lost and gained upon the worn and blistered deck my hopes sank lower. I foolishly counted so much on the succor that awaited us upon the open sea and behold it was wide and placid and empty before my eyes! Not a thread-like spar, not a speck of canvas, not a trail of smoke along all the curve of the line where sky and sea met. A solitary whale, driven out, vanquished, from his herd, rushed across our crawling, trembling bow away to the east, and plunged downward in a little trail of foam—I felt lonelier than he.

For by nightfall Dick did not know me. He lay quite still, without seeing or hearing me, or he chattered softly, ceaselessly, to himself. Now that his poor brain had cast off all knowledge, all responsibility, all pretense of health and strength, I could see how wasted and weak he was—and now it did not matter if I cried!

It was late before I left him, and then it was only because I had, in spite of my pains, forgotten to supply myself with lights, and now and then Dick cried out feebly that he did not like the dark. For me the dark was a relief; it shut out the mocking emptiness of the sea, and I could shelter myself under it in a mesh of hopes of what the light of the next day might bring. But Dick, racked by who knows how long a stretch of sleepless nights, cried out for light, and so I went below in search of lanterns.

The inside of the ship was pitch-black, and the closeness of it gave the darkness a horrid, oppressive weight which pressed upon my breast and throat and sickened me with tears that I could not shed. As I descended the stair I felt myself within the aura of a human presence, and shuddered as I forced myself to pass in silence. I knew it could be none other than Flossie Gately, but it was a horrid thing to know her lurking there, silent with her hatred, in the tainted darkness of the wrecked and wasting ship.

I had quite passed her when she cried out, in a fearful, shuddering, broken voice, the voice of a woman whose nerves are vibrating in an agony of terror: "Is that you? Which of you? Where are you?" She groped after me and caught at me with trembling hands, felt at me—and pushed me away. "Speak, can't you! What's happened?"

"I have come for a light. I am going to spend the night on deck."

"What's happened? Can't you answer me?"

"He—" I could not utter Dick's name—"is very ill."

She drew a long, hissing sigh. "So it's that—" she said strangely, and went away, toward the stair.

I made haste after her, and seized her by the arm, and sprang before her. "Go back—you're not to go near him!"

She laughed loudly, wildly, not troubling to free herself. "Don't be frightened—there's plenty of time. I shan't hurry! And, after all, I probably shan't lift a finger—it's queer how these things come about!"

I shrank from the touch of her in spite of myself, letting her go. "You're not to dare to touch him."

She laughed again. "Oh, I'll not touch him! You go and get your lantern!"

I found the lantern and hurried back to the deck. She stood staring fixedly down at Dick as he lay in his heavy, restless sleep, muttering and twitching and flinging his hands about. As I approached she turned upon me, her eyes glittering in the lantern light. "Put that thing down!" she commanded, and for some reason I obeyed—then trembled as I thought of what I had done. How broken in spirit, I told myself, I must have been! But before I could gather myself together: "Now—go!" said she.

"Go—where?" I stammered. She waved her hand in an insolent dismissal of me.

"Wherever you like—only go! Leave him to me!"

I felt my blood go cold and then hot. "Get out of my way! Let me go to him!"

She did not move, and much as I hated her, I forced myself to lay my hands upon her. But she laughed and flung me off as if I had been a child, and I had a sudden, sickening sense of the strength she had gained while Dick and I were racked and strained and overwrought—and by her means. "You little fool! Do you suppose you can stand in my way now? Why, it's my time, the hour I've waited for—the hour I'm paid off! Keep back! You're not to touch him—not if he lives a week! You shall see him die!"

But we grappled horribly—my blood is hot with shame and I grow such as I think of it. We struggled, I desperately, she almost carelessly, and I was pushed back and back, and then, with a sidewise twist, flung prostrate upon the deck. "There," she panted, "if you make me any more trouble I'll strangle him before your eyes!"

I drew myself up to my knees, flushed, dishevelled, sobbing. "Oh, Dick—Dick!" I cried to him as he lay muttering, beating his hand upon the deck. "Be quiet!" she screamed at me, turning her head fiercely from him to me.

I reached stealthily for the lantern, the only available weapon, bue she saw me andsnatched at it; between us we sent it rolling across the dack to smash against the cabin wall and gutter out.

"Now are you satisfied?" she panted at me. "If you try to get at him again I'll kill you!"

She had taken such good care of herself in these last weeks that in spite of her wearing fits of rage I knew her to be quite able to carry out her threat. But for the moment I could only cower there on the deck and sob feebly, with more tears than noise. She watched me with a breathless, scornful impatience.

"Get up! Get up and go below!"

"I'll not!" I replied, trying ineffectually to dry my eyes with a strand of loosened hair. "You can kill me if you like—but I'll not leave him!"

"Stay, then," she jerked out, and turning her back on me again, leaning against the cabin wall with folded arms.

(To Be Continued.)

Becomes Minister to China

WILLIAM J. CALHOUN.

Washington, Dec. 6.—Announcement was made at the state department today of the appointment of William J. Calhoun, of Chicago, as minister to China. Mr. Calhoun has accepted the appointment, and the Chinese government has indicated its pleasure in receiving him.

Presient Taft believes he has at last got the right man for the Pekin post. Mr. Calhoun is a lawyer, is 61 years old and is a man of means. He is the sixth man who has been offered the position. Four declined and Charles R. Crane who accepted was removed before he could leave the country.

Mr. Calhoun has done some important diplomatic work during his career, notably when, at the request of President McKinley he investigated conditions in Cuba prior to the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, and later when he investigated the difficulties between the asphalt companies and President Castro, of Venezuela for President Roosevelt. For two years he was a member of the Interstate commerce commission.

HALF A ROGUE

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Cintinued.)

a sudden, roved over the grim ruins. Sparrows were chattering on the window ledges and swallows were diving into the black mouths of the towering chimneys. The memory of her father swelled her heart near to bursting. She could see his iron-gray head bending over the desk; she could hear his rough but kindly voice. Why, whenever he entered the house his splendid physical energy seemed to radiate health and cheerfulness, infecting all those about him. She could see the men, too, moving in the glow of ruddy light; she could see again the brilliant sparks flying from under the thundering trip-hammers, the cyclopean eyes that glared up at heaven at night, the great rumbling drays, the freight moving to and from the spur. Now there was no sound; nothing but silence, with the suggestion of a tomb.

The end of the strike had been a nine days' wonder, for it proved that there had actually been no strike at all, since the owner had simply closed down the shops, town down a few walls, sold the machinery and ore, and cancelled all his business obligations. No sensation, however vital, lasts very long these days; and after these nine days it turned its attention to other things, this mutable public. Employers, however, and union leaders, all over the continent, went about their affairs thoughtfully. If one man could do this unheard-of thing, so might others, now that an example had been set before them. The dispersed men harbored no ill feeling toward Morrissy; he, as they supposed, had acted in good faith for the welfare of the union. But for the man who had the courage to make good his threats, for him they had nothing but bitterness and hate.

Patty would always remember that final night of the strike when John had come in early in the morning, his clothes torn, his hands bloody, his hair matted to his forehead, and hatless. He had been last to leave the shops, and he had, unarmed, run the gantlet of the maddened strikers who had been held at bay for six long hours. Only his great strength and physical endurance had pulled him out of the arms of violent death. There had been no shot fired from the shops. The strikers saw the utter futility of forcing armed men, so they had hung about with jibe and ribald jeer, waiting for some one careless enough to pass them alone. This Bennington did. His men had forgotten him. Bennington's injuries had been rather trivial; it had been his personal appearance that had terrified the women. He had fallen asleep half an hour after reaching home, and he had slept till 9 that evening. Upon awakening he had begun at once to plan a trip to Europe, to wander from capital to capital for a year or so. No one had interrupted him; not even the mother, grown old in the past month, had demurred at his plans. He would have none near him but Kate, and she had hovered about him, ministering to his wants as a mother over a sick child. * * * Kate! It all came back with a rush. Kate! Oh, what was she, Patty, to believe? That night she had loved Kate almost to idolatry. She shuddered, turned away from the ruins and set off at a gallop till she came upon brick pavement. She rarely trotted upon pavement, but this morning she had no thought for the horse; she burned to be at work. She trotted rapidly into town, across the principal thoroughfares, this way being the short cut. By this time men were on their way to work. Many of them turned their heads to stare at her. There was only one woman in town who sat a horse like this one, and it could be no less a person than Patty Bennington. All the men recognized her instantly. She had their good wishes, for all that her brother had taken away the bread and butter of some of them. Many touched their hats from mere force of habit.

There was one man, however, who glared evily at her from the curb. She recognized him in spite of his discolored face, the result of a long, uninterrupted debauch. It was Bolles. As he caught her eye he smiled evily and leered at her.

"Wait, my beauty; wait. I'll kill that brother of yours one of these fine days, damn him!" Bolles gave one more look at the swiftly-moving figure on the horse, and shuffled away toward McQuade's office, to await the arrival of that gentleman. Bolles needed money, and he knew where to get it.

As she reached the foot of Williams street Patty glanced up the hill. A horseman had just entered Warrington's. She recognized both man and horse. It was Warrington. She knew at once that he had ridden out her favorite route, perhaps in the hope of seeing her. Her heart tightened strangely as she walked the horse up the hill and she would have passed home but for the intelligence of her animal, which turned in toward the house quite naturally. Her mother was on the side veranda.

"Patty, you have worried us all. The stableman, when he found your horse gone, came in with the cry of thieves. I was frightened, too, till I went to your room and found you gone. You mustn't go without notifying the stable man or the groom."

"It was an impulse of the moment, mother. I couldn't sleep, and I saw no need of waking up the boys in the stables."

Patty ran up stairs for a bath and a change of clothes for breakfast. She ate little, however, the ride had not put the usual edge on her appetite."

"Mr. Warrington made a fine speech last night," said the mother, handing the morning paper to Patty.

Patty accepted it mechanically. She had determined not to read the paper. But she knew now, as she unfolded it, she would turn immediately to the local pages and search for Warrington's speech. She read it, and she hated herself for admiring it. The self-lie was not among Patty's failings. There was no denying that Warrington's speech was a good oratorical effort; every line of it rang sound and true, but that might be a trick of the trade. He could make thieves and villains on the stage speak glibly and plausibly; certainly he could do as much for himself. One thing she could not deny, and that was frankness. He had confessed to her last summer that he was not, or had not been, a good man in the strict sense of the word. She laid down the paper and finished her coffee. She was glad that she did not have to face Kate at each meal. She felt that she couldn't have trusted herself; there were times when she spoke the first thought, and always regretted it. Poor John, poor John.

From the table she went directly to the Indian basket that held all the cards and invitations. The mother, concerned with her household duties, left her to herself. Patty would have found some difficulty at that moment in answering any curious questions. One by one she drew out the envelopes and cards. There was a permamanent scent of sweet grass. She discovered nothing; she realized that her discovering anything depended solely upon hazard. Excitement ebbed, leaving nothing but hopelessness. She threw the cards and invitations into the basket. She might have known that visiting cards and printed invitations are generally colorless. She sought the garden. The Angora was prowling around, watching the bees and butterflies hovering over wind-fallen fruit. Patty called to her, but the cat ignored the call. From the garden Patty went to the stables, from the stables she returned to the house. She was at peace nowhere. Later her mother found her dreaming in the window seat.

"Patty, Mrs. Haldene left her shopping bag here yesterday afternoon. I had forgotten it. Would you mind taking it over to her, or shall I have the maid do it?"

"I have nothing to do, mother. I can take it over just as well as not," said Patty listlessly.

She slipped her arm through the handles of the bag and proceeded into the hall for a hat. As she lifted the hat to her head the big slipped along her arm close to her nose. Instantly her figure became tense and rigid, her face grim and colorless.

Heliotrope!

CHAPTER XVIII.

There could be no doubt at all. The perfume on the letter and that on the shopping bag were identical. Indeed, she would take the bag over to Mrs. Franklyn-Halene; she would be very glad to do her that trifling service. Oh! Patty's rage choked her. During the past three weeks Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene had called at least a dozen times, doubtless to observe the effect of her interest in Patty's welfare. She might have known! Well, this very morning she would ascertain from Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene's lips where she had secured her information. She would do more than that; she would make her prove every word of it.

So Patty marched toward the Haldene place; marched, because that verb suggests something warlike, something belligerent. And there was war a-plenty in Patty's heart. Each step she took sang out a sharp "Meddler-gossip! meddler-gossip!" A delivery horse went past, drumming an irritating "Busybody! busybody! busybody!" What had she or hers ever done to Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene that she should stoop to so base a means of attack? An anonymous letter! War raged in Patty's heart; but there was something warmer and clearer coursing through her veins—hope!

She went on. Not a particle of her courage deserted her as she mounted the steps and pushed the bell. When Patty was genuinely roused in anger she was afraid of little or nothing, animate or inanimate. A maid answered the bell. As she recognized the caller she swung back the door and nodded.

"Is Mrs. Haldene at home?" Patty inquired.

"Yes, Miss Patty."

The maid led Patty into the library, where Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene was busily engaged in making up an invitation list.

"Why, Patty, I am glad to see you," she cried, dropping her pen and rising. But her curiosity rose at the same time. Patty here?

"You left your shopping bag when you called yesterday," said Patty, ominously calm. "I have brought it to you."

"It was very careless of me to forget it."

"Yes it was," Patty assented, her heart beginning to throb violently.

"Thank you. And I have been looking for it high and low."

Patty passed the bag to her enemy. How to begin, how to begin!

"Mrs. Haldene!" Patty's voice was high-pitched and quavering.

"Why, Patty!"

"Why did you write this base letter to me?"—exhibiting the letter resolutely. "Do you deny that you wrote it. It smells of heliotrope—your favorite perfume."

"Patty Bennington, are you mad?" cried Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene. "What letter? What do you mean?" She knew very well, but she had not practiced the control of her nerves all these years for nothing. "A letter? I demand to see it."

But Patty reconsidered and withdrew her hand, concluding that Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene could destroy the letter as easily as she had written it; more easily, had Patty but known it.

"I prefer to read it to you." And Patty, read, her tone sharp and penetrating, finely tempered by anger.

"I write such a thing as that? You accuse me of writing an anonymous letter of that caliber? You are mad, distinctly mad, and if I did what was

JOSE SANTOS ZELAYA, PRESIDENT OF NICARAGUA, HAS PROVED A MERCILESS TYRANT

Washington, Dec. 2.—The internal and international quarrels in which the Zelaya government of Nicaragua is now involved have brought forcibly to the attention of this and other governments the arrogant ruler of that turbulent Central American republic—Jose Santos Zelaya—who for nearly a score of years has been one of the most troublesome figures in international affairs.

For nearly a score of years this autocrat has ruled Nicaragua with an iron hand, substituting military force where moral suasion proved ineffective, and sowing the seed of discord among the other Central American states, which would ultimately be harvested to his advantage.

All industries, whether native or foreign, have been compelled to pay toll to this avaricious ruler, who supports his various military movements with the proceeds. The most profitable of these, such as sugar, tobacco and coffee, are controlled by himself or his representatives, and the vast returns have made him immensely wealthy.

One source of revenue, however, he has been unable to get, control of the vast mineral wealth on the eastern coast. Yankee ingenuity has developed this section and despite the heart-breaking tariff and various other Zelayan schemes, the Americans have managed to retain their hold.

Zelaya has blamed the Americans for the many revolutions stirred up against him, and when the recent and most serious uprising broke out in the Bluefields district, it did not serve to increase his affection. This has been the basis for the report that the execution of Groce and Cannon was purely a matter of personal revenge on the part of the Nicaraguan executive.

A "Man of Destiny."

Zelaya is a man with a purpose, and for many years, even before his advent to the presidency, has had in mind the union of the Central American states with himself at their head. Born of wealthy parents, very little is known of his early life except that he was of "unmixed" blood. The date of his birth is fixed between 1845 and 1850. According to the best information obtainable, his early days were spent in the dirty little city of Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, where, with his indolent companions, he passed his time in gambling and cock fighting. As military service is compulsory, young Zelaya entered the army at an early age. This marked the beginning of his career. The energetic qualities of his character, which had long lain dormant, now asserted themselves. The enormous power of the army in the affairs of the state formed a blazed path for his stormy career. He quickly recognized the vast undeveloped mineral and agricultural wealth of the Central American states, and the deterrent effect the revolutionary character of the inhabitants had on the country's future. His prophetic eye easily discerned the vast revenues that would ensue when the five states were formed into one harmonious nation. But he was also keen enough to appreciate his deficiencies. He knew he must possess a thorough knowledge of state and military affairs in order to realize this dream of empire. So with this in view, he left his native country and spent 10 years in traveling in Europe and the United States, where he studied the various forms of government and military training.

Fully equipped for his new enterprise he returned to Nicaragua, where his superior knowledge of military tactics won him a place at the head of the army. Then he waited for his opportunity. This came in 1893, when, after he had suppressed a revolutionary movement, he made himself president. The dramatic details of this event furnish a good illustration of Zelaya's character.

President Sarcasa, who was then in office, and the members of his cabinet, were seated in the council room of the capitol at Managua, to welcome the victorious general.

When Zelaya, surrounded by his officers, strode majestically into the room, the president began his little speech of thanks, praising the conqueror for his great victory. But the expression in the piercing gray eyes of the stalwart soldier caused the words to die in his throat.

Then drawing a revolver from his belt Zelaya advanced to the table, while all present, with the exception of his escort, turned pale.

"The revolution is dead!" he said. "Long live the revolution! I am now the revolution. Do you think I won the victory for you? No!

"My army holds the town and the country. The soldiers are devoted to me. It is useless for you to protest or resist.

"Today you must all leave the city under escort, for the coast, and you will depart to the United States or Europe by the first steamer. If you refuse, you will be shot."

They went.

Quickly Begins Trouble.

Zelaya had now achieved the first step and his ambition. With a well equipped army he quickly silenced all opposition, for, as he was wont to say: "Opposition is anarchy, and anarchy must be suppressed."

Soon after he assumed control he issued a proclamation incorporating the Mosquito coast, which lies on the Atlantic side and had, for many years, been held under protest from the British consul, who was clapped into jail because of his persistency. England immediately jumped in and brought Zelaya to his senses by forcing him to pay an indemnity of $75,000.

In 1894 he drafted a new constitution, but, from a Zelayan point of view, there was a serious defect in it, which provided that a president could not succeed himself. He had this remedied by an amendment in 1896.

In the meantime he had begun his active campaign against Honduras. The settlement of this was not satisfactory and was quickly followed by another. His campaigns became so frequent that the Nicaraguan army was spending the greater part of its time marching across the state line. On the slightest pretext old troubles revived and when there was nothing else to fight about Zelaya would select the boundary line as an excuse; this being a never failing source of dispute since the states were first formed.

Finally, with the aid of the United States and Mexico, a Central American peace conference was held in Washington in 1897 and each republic signed a guarantee not to interfere with the government of the other and agreed to refer all disputes to a court of arbitration at Costa Rica. Under the watchful eye of this country and Mexico this agreement has been fairly well carried out, although Zelaya has been charged several times with trying to destroy the Costa Rican court.

His military efforts curbed by this agreement, Zelaya began exercising diplomacy, and in August, 1898, he induced Honduras and Salvador to join a federation known as the United States of Central America. It soon became evident, however, that Zelaya wanted to be the president of the new republic and govern it as autocratically as he had his own. The two states immediately protested and the federation was dissolved in November of the same year.

He "Removed" His Enemies.

Zelaya's enemies were numerous, and when the quadrennial election periods came round he had to see to it that they were carefully removed. He developed a system of espionage which rivals that of Russia, and thousands of citizens, whose only crime was their opposition to the administration, were forced into exile, and their estates forfeited. Others were clapped into jail, until the election was over, while some of the more dangerous element were placed against a stone wall as targets for a file of soldiers.

On one of the elections a unique scheme was devised by the clever politician to deceive the ignorant provincials and insure his election. It consisted in the printing of three names on the ballot—Jose Santos and Zelaya—all candidates for the presidency. The result showed the election of all three; or, in other words, Jose Santos Zelaya was unanimously re-elected. By such methods Zelaya has managed to be thrice re-elected, in spite of his enemies.

Many attempts have been made to assassinate him, and in 1902 his palace at Managua was blown up and 150 soldiers killed, but the wily executive escaped unharmed. His undisputed bravery and many miraculous escapes from death have led the more superstitious of his enemies to believe that he is in league with the devil.

In one instance he learned of a plot that was being organized against him, in which several of his officers were involved. Through his spies he discovered their meeting place and determined to surprise them. The conspirators were gathered around a table discussing the details of the plot when there came a knock on the door. When the summons was answered, the officers were dumfounded to see the president standing in the doorway.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said, advancing toward the table. "I heard you had a party here this evening and thought I would look in and share the fun. Quite a distingu'shed gathering of my officers! You all seem to be serious. Discussing military matters, I suppose?"

He took his seat with the party and chatted affably for about a half hour, while the conspirators stirred uneasily in their seats. Finally, filling his glass with wine, he raised it and said: "I will give you a toast. Here's long life to the president of Nicaragua and confusion to traitors!" He then dashed his glass against a window, a squad of soldiers entered and placed the conspirators under arrest. When they were brought up for trial, however, he was unusually lenient with them. Some were

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Have You Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver or Bladder Trouble?

Pain or dull ache in the back is evidence of kidney trouble. It is Nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

Danger Signals.

If these danger signals are unheeded more serious results follow; Bright's disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble, may steal upon you.

The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable curative effect in the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine, you should have the best.

Lame Back.

Lame back is only one of many symptoms of kidney trouble. Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp-Root are, being obliged to pass water often during the day and to get up many times during the night.

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Inability to hold urine, smarting in passing, uric acid, headache, dizziness, indigestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, sometimes the heart acts badly, rheumatism, bloating, lack of ambition, may be loss of flesh, sallow complexion.

Prevalency of Kidney Disease.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patient and physicians, who usually content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease constantly undermines the system.

A Trial Will Convince Anyone.

In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is a gentle healing vegetable compound—a physician's prescription for a specific disease.

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right I should ask you to leave this house instantly." Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene rose to her full height, after the manner of indignant persons on the stage.

Patty was not overcome in the least. An idea, bold, unconventional, and not over-scrupulous, shot into her head. With her eyes holding Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene's, she stepped toward the desk; then, in a flash, she seized one of the sheets of note-paper that lay scattered about. Mrs. Franklyn Haldene made a desperate effort to intercept Patty; but Patty was young, slender and agile. She ran quickly to the nearest window and compared the written sheet with the blank. The paper and grain were the same, only one showed that the top had been cut off. There was no shadow of doubt.

"You are a horrible woman," said Patty.

"Leave this house instantly!" Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene was now thoroughly alarmed.

"Not till you have proved the truth of this letter," Patty declared.

"I refuse to submit to such gross insults in my own house!" Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene's voice rose a key. She swept majestically toward the door.

Patty stepped bravely in front of her.

"Have you no breeding?" the storm in Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene's voice gathering.

"Who told you that my brother's wife was formerly——"

"Stand aside!"

"I shall not leave this house or your presence till you have answered," replied the little paladin. "You wrote this letter to me, trusting it would make me miserable. It has. But I have not done what you expected—shown it. Who told you this base lie?"

"I refuse to answer your impudent questions. Will you stand aside?"

"There is a way to force you. I will know, Mrs. Haldene, I will know. If you refuse, I shall turn these two sheets over to my brother's lawyers."

"A lawyer?" with an hysterical laugh. "You would scarcely take a thing like that to a lawyer of all persons."

"I declare to you that that is exactly what I shall do. You wrote this letter; I can prove that you wrote it. Afraid of publicity? You do not know me. What I demand to know is, who gave you this information? That I will know."

"Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene saw that Patty would do what she promised; so she took her stand boldly.

"Well, then, since you will have it. Yes, I wrote that letter, for I could no longer stand the humiliation of meeting your sister-in-law in decent houses, and that double hypocrite who pretends to be your brother's friend and your admirer. Proof? I was at my hair-dresser's one morning, when a woman who is an intimate of McQuade, the politician, came in. She dropped a letter. McQuade had written it. It told definitely the information you have in your hand."

"You have that letter?" Patty was conscious of a strange numbness stealing over her.

"No, I haven't. I read it, and sent it to its owner. I consider myself very fortunate. I always had my suspicions, and it was a relief to find that they were not without foundation. You will now relieve me of your unwelcome presence in this house." This time Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene leveled her arm toward the door; the right was with her.

"In a moment," said a third voice, masculine.

Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene's arm dropped. Patty turned with a low cry. She had forgotten that there might be some one else in the house.

Haldene entered through the door to the dining-room. His face was hard and his eyes cold.

"I must ask your pardon, both of you, but I could not help overhearing your voices. They ran somewhat high." He bowed to Patty deferentially; he merely glanced at his wife.

"Franklyn!" This phase of the situation was altogether too unexpected and embarrassing for Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene to accept it readily.

"I have heard words about an anonymous letter; I have heard names—McQuade, your brother, his wife, Warrington, and my wife. I should like to know——"

"Franklyn!" his wife appealed. To be humiliated before this impudent chit of a girl!

"Patience, my dear." Haldene held up his hand. "Well, Patty?"

"Mrs. Haldenec has taken the trouble to meddle with my affairs by writing me an anonymous letter concerning the conduct of my brother's wife and his friend. I have traced the letter to Mrs. Haldene, and she has confessed that she wrote it, also stating her reasons and the source of her information." Patty spoke bravely, for she hadn't the least idea whose side Mr. Haldene would take. She was not aware that, for all his idle habits and failings, he had that quality of justice which, upon occasions, makes a terrible judge of a just man.

"Will you let me see that letter?" he asked.

Patty gave it to him without conditions. He read it slowly, but neither woman could discover the slightest emotion on the man's face. He studied it carefully. He even compared the false hand with the true. Then he addressed his wife.

"Did you write this?"

"Yes, I did. And if you have been listening, as you had the courage to say you had, you already know my reasons for writing it." Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene was recovering.

"You must apologize," he said.

"Apologize? I think not. On my part there is nothing more to be said."

"I see that I shall have to apologize for you. Patty, I am very sorry that this has happened, and I can promise you that it shall end here. Will you accept my apology?"

After some hesitancy, Patty nodded. She could not very well refuse. She had always liked Mr. Haldene. As hitherto remarked, Patty's was an impulsive heart. Suddenly she stretched out her hands toward the wife.

"What have I or mine ever done to you that you should seek to injure us so cruelly? Have we wronged you in thought or deed? What is it that has made you my enemy?"

"I am not your enemy, Patty," said the elder women, melting ever so slightly. "I have told you that I did not wish to see your life made wretched by marrying a man of Warrington's loose habits, and that I could not tolerate the woman who is your brother's wife."

Patty held out her hand for the letter. She had no desire to remain any longer. She wanted nothing but the privilege of being alone, that she might weep the bitter, galling tears that were brimming her eyes. She had no recollection of gaining the street. It was true, it was true! She did not even remember how she reached her room; but as her blurred eyes saw the bed, she fell upon it in a stupor that for a long while did not give any outlet to her tears.

In the meantime Haldene faced his wife.

"I am going down town presently," he said. "I shall send you up by messenger several cabin plans."

"Cabin-plans?" amazed at this odd turn in affairs.

"Yes. You will spend the winter either in Egypt or Italy, as it pleases you."

"Europe? But my social obligations demand my presence here!" she expostulated.

"You will cancel them. You will go to Europe. Anonymous letters!" He struck the desk violently. It was the first touch of this kind he had ever exhibited in her presence, and it terrified her. "When I married you, people said I married your money. As God is above us, I loved you. Yes, I loved you. But how long was it permitted that this love should live? Six slender months! You, you of all women, you write anonymous letters?" He laughed, but it was laughter that had nothing human in it. "Madam, when I die my deposit box at the bank will be turned over to you. In it you will find six anonymous letters. They have lain there 16 years. I took the advice of one and followed you. So I let them believe that I had married you for your money. I meant to have my revenge after I was dead. Madame, you will go to Europe. I shall not be home to lunch, but you may expect me at dinner. I am curious to learn whether it will be in Egypt and the Holy Land, or Italy, the land of the fig-tree and the vine. Good morning."

When he was gone, Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene realized, for the first time in 16 years, that she had married a man.

Suddenly her knees gave from under her, and she sank into her chair, staring at the floor with unseeing eyes. For 16 years!

* * * * * *

That afternoon Warrington had a visit. His visitors were Jordan, the reporter, and Osborne. They appeared to be in high spirits.

"We've got him, Dick!" exclaimed Jordan, swinging his hat.

"Got whom?"

"Morrissy—Morrissy and McQuade," said Osborne, in his whisky-roughened voice. "We've got 'em all right, Dick. Look at this," tossing a wrinkled sheet of carbon-paper on Warrington's desk.

Warrington spread it out. It took him but a minute to find out the richness of his possession.

"Where did you come across this?" he asked eagerly.

"My niece found it in her waste-basket. I've sent her into the country to visit relatives," said Osborne. "But if you use it, Dick, you'll have to find the girl another job in some other town."

"You leave that to me. This is worth a thousand to me and a thousand more to John Bennington. Now, both of you go down to any restaurant in town and order what you like, and as long as you like, and you have them call me up if there's any question."

The reporter and the semi-outcast smiled at each other. They saw their appetites appeased to satiety.

"Does a bottle go with the order, Dick?" asked Jordan.

"Half a dozen!" laughed Warrington.

"I've put you in the city hall, Dick," said Osborne. "And don't forget me when you're there."

"Will there be a story for me?" Jordan asked.

"You'll have a page, Ben."

"That's enough. Well, come on, Bill; we'll show the new mayor that we can order like gentlemen."

"I remember—" But Osborne never completed his reminiscence. Jordan was already propelling him toward the door.

Once the door had closed upon them, Warrington capered around the room like a schoolboy. The publication of this confederacy between Morrissy and McQuade would swing the doubting element over to his side and split the ranks of the labor party.

Patty, Patty Bennington! He must see here. It was impossible to wait another day. When was it he had seen her last? Patty, dark-eyed, elfish, winsome, merry! Oh, yes, he must see her at once, this very afternoon. He could no longer repress the tide of his love, which surged at the flood-gates of his heart with mighty pressure. Patty! Patty!

"Patty is not feeling well," said Mrs. Bennington, as she welcomed Warrington at the door, an hour later. "I will call her. I am sure she will be glad to see you."

Warrington went into the music room, placed his hat on the piano and idled about impatiently. That morning he had not possessed the courage; now he was willing to face lions and tigers, anything rather than permit another day to pass without telling Patty that he loved her. When she finally appeared she was pale, her eyes were red, but her head was erect and her lips firm.

"Patty, are you ill?" hastening toward her.

"I have a very bad headache," coldly. "You wished to see me?"

Where were all the tender words he had planned to speak? Patty had been weeping!

"You have been crying. What has happened?" anxiously.

"It cannot interest you," wearily. Men! She would have a horror of them for the rest of her days.

"Not interest me? Don't you know, haven't you seen by this time that you interest me more than any other living being or any angel in heaven?"

Patty caught at the portiere to steady herself. She had not expected declarations of this kind.

"Don't you know," he hurried on, his voice gaining in passion and tenderness, "don't you know that a pain to you means triple pain to me? Don't you know that I love you? Patty, what is the trouble? You are not a woman to weep over headaches."

"Do you wish to know then?" bitterly. She hated him! How could he stand there telling her that he loved her? "Read this," presenting the letter. "I despise you!"

"Despise me? What in God's name is the matter?"

"Read, read!" vehemently.

Once the letter was in his hand, her arms dropped to her sides, tense. It was best to have it over with at once. To crush the thought of him out of her heart for ever, such a remedy was necessary. She watched him. His hand fell slowly. It would have been difficult to say which of the two was the whiter.

"You speak of love to me?"

He stood there, stunned. His silence spoke eloquently to her. He was guilty he leaped to this conclusion at once, not realizing that no man can immediately defend himself when accused so abruptly.

"You speak of love!" Her wrath seemed to scorch her lips. "My poor brother!"

Warrington straightened. "Do you believe this?" He threw the letter aside, as if the touch contaminated him, caring not where it fell.

"Is it true?"

"An anonymous letter?" he replied, contemptuously.

"I know who wrote it."

"You know who wrote it? Who?" There was terrible anger in his voice now.

"I decline to answer."

"So you give me not even the benefit of a doubt! You believe it!"

Patty was less observant than usual. "Will you please go now? I do not think there is anything more to be said."

"Yes, I will go. He spoke quietly but like a man who has received his death-stroke. "One question more. Did McQuade write that letter?"

"No."

He picked up his hat. "So much for my dreams! Deny it? Deny calumny of the anonymous order? No! Defend myself against such a lie? No!"

He walked from the room, his head erect. He did not turn to look at her again. The hall door closed. He was gone.

CHAPTER XIX.

Tragedy was abroad that day, crossing and recrossing Williams street. Tragedy has the same prerogative as love and death—the right to enter the palace or the hovel, into the heart of youth or age. It was not a killing today, only a breaking of hearts, that is to say, the first step. Tragedy never starts out on her rounds roughly; she seeks her cause first; she seeks her anonymous letter, her idle hands, her lying tongue; then she is ready. Tragedy does nothing hastily; she graduates her victim.

Warrington stumbled rather than walked home. When he reached the opposite curb he slipped and fell, bruising his hands. . . . Deny it? Deny it when convicted without trial? There are never any proofs to refute a letter written by an unknown enemy. There is never any guard against the stab in the back. . . . He and Kate! It was monstrous. And John? Did John know? Did John see that letter? No, Patty surely had not shown it to John. He knew John (or he believed he did); not all the proofs or explanations heaven or earth could give would convince John, if that letter fell into his hands.

And he was to speak at a mass meeting that night! God! He stumbled up the steps to the door. He was like a drunken man. . . . Patty believed it; Patty, just and merciful, believed it. If she believed, what would John, the jealous husband, believe? There were so many trifling things that now in John's eyes would assume immense proportions. . . . In less than half an hour the world had stopped, turned about, and gone another way. He opened the door. As he did so a woman rushed into the hall.

"Richard, Richard, I thought you would never come!"

"You, and in this house alone?" His shoulders drooped.

Mrs. Jack did not observe how white he was, how dull his eye, how abject his whole attitude. She caught him by the sleeve and dragged him into the living room.

"Richard, I am dying!" she cried. She loosened the collaret at her throat. "What shall I do, what shall I do?"

He realized that he was not alone in misery.

"What is it, girl?" stirring himself.

"Listen, Dick!" She dropped into the old name unconsciously. She had but one clear thought; this man could save her. "Some time ago—the night you and John went down town together—I received a telephone call from that vile wretch, McQuade."

"McQuade?" Warrington's interest was thoroughly aroused by that name; nothing else could have aroused it.

"He said that if I did not persuade you to withdraw your name before the convention met he would not oppose the publication of a certain story concerning my past and yours. Horrible! What could I do? I remained silent; it was Patty's advice. We were afraid that John would kill McQuade if we told him." She let go of his arm and paced the room, beating her hands together. "Think of the terror I have lived in all these weeks! Half dead every evening when John came home; not daring to read the papers; afraid of calling on my few friends! I have never, in all my life, done an evil action, either in thought or deed. What terrible gift is this that God gives to some people to make truth half a truth and half a truth a lie? Read this!"

It was a half-sheet of ordinary office paper, written on a typewriter. Its purport was similar to the one he had read but a few minutes since. Only it was bolder; there were no protestations about anybody's welfare. It was addressed to John Bennington.

"Great God! another anonymous letter! Do you know who sent this?"

"I can think of no one but McQuade; no one!" frantically. "Save me, Richard! I love him better than God, and this is my punishment. If John sees this, I shall die; if he doesn't kill me I shall kill myself! I opened it by mistake. I am so miserable. What has happened? What have I done that this curse should fall on me? When I came to this city I expected to find rest in the house of the man I loved. . . . Patty does not come over. . . . What have I not suffered in silence and with smiles? I have seen them whispering; I have seen covert smiles, and nods, and shrugs. I knew. I was an actress. It seems that nothing too bad or vile can be thought of her who honestly throws her soul into the greatest gift given to woman. An actress! They speak of her in the same tone they would use regarding a creature of the streets. Well, because I loved my husband I have said nothing; I have let the poison eat into by heart in silence. But this goes too far. I shall go mad if this thing can not be settled here and now. It is both my love and my honor. And you must do it, Richard; you must do it."

"You say McQuade called you up by telephone?"

"Yes."

He struck his forhead. The carbon sheet! He ran to his desk, pulled out all the drawers, tumbling the papers about till he found what he sought. From the letter to the faint imprint on the carbon sheet and back to the letter his eyes moved, searching, scrutinizing.

"Look!" with a cry of triumph.

"What is it?"

"Do you see that mutilated letter T?" He indicated with his finger on the dim carbon sheet.

"Yes, yes!"

"Compare it with the letter T in this note."

She did so, her hands shaking pitifully. "I can't see, Richard."

"That carbon sheet came from McQuade's office; so did that letter to John. And now, by the Lord! now to pull out McQuade's fangs, and slowly, too." He pocketed the two sheets. "Come!" His hat was still on his head.

"Where, Richard?"

"To John."

"No, no! John?"

(To Be Continued.)

Highly Efficient Formula

FOR NERVOUS MEN AND AILING WOMEN.

Coming from a source of unquestioned authority on the ailments of men it is presumed to be infallible, while the profession generally endorse the ingredients and prescribe them in many different forms of various diseases. The following formula is highly efficient in quickly restoring in nervous exhaustion, melancholia, anxiety, timidity in venturing, dizziness, heart palpitation, trembling limbs, insomnia, thinness, cold extremities, tired-all-in feeling and general inability to do those natural and rational acts upon which depends a man's success and happiness in social and every-day life.

The instructions for mixing at home secretly so that no embarrassment may be felt, are as follows: First get three ounces of syrup sarsaparilla compound and one ounce compound fluid balmwort; mix and let stand two hours. Then add one ounce compound essence cardiol and one ounce tincture cadomene compound (not cardamom), and mix all together. The directions are to take one teaspoonful after each meal and one when retiring, until bounding health and full strength are restored. Even a few weeks will witness most wonderful results.

Astonishing nervous force and equilibrium follow the treatment, no matter how serious the case.

This contains no opiates whatever and may also be used by women who suffer with their nerves with absolute certainty of prompt and lasting benefits.

DEAFNESS CURED By New Discovery

"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured." — Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they can be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators are astonished and cured patients themselves marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 5737 Bank Bldg., Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-five years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some Farmstead reader tell me the best way to keep beans from being infected with bugs and worms?—M. Attoway, Va.

I would be pleased to have somebody tell me exactly what to feed a Jersey cow to make her produce the greatest amount of milk.—L. Walker, W. Va.

THE COLT

M., Lyonsville, Ind.: I would suggest that you do not put the colt in the barn at all. Leave it in open pasture for one year. The trouble is caused by confinement.—Earling, Ia.

CANADA THISTLES

The experiment stations of this country have undertaken to show the farmers how to exterminate the Canadian thistles and do it scientifically. It is the most dreaded of all weeds, because its seeds are so easily distributed, and it grows by underground stems.

The life of the plant depends upon the green leaves above ground. Cutting these leaves and the stems twice does not seem to affect the roots, which have reserve material to draw upon, but by continued cuttings this reserve will be exhausted and the plant will die.

The most successful of the state experiments was in Illinois. The thistles used in the test covered two and one-half acres very thickly of rich, black prairie soil. The thistles were cut July 17, when in full bloom, very close to the ground. The ground was plowed three inches deep and harrowed. Hungarian millet was sown at the rate of one bushel per acre. On September 10 the millet was one foot high and the thistles four or five inches high. It was turned under and harrowed. October 8 the ground was plowed, again harrowed and seeded to winter rye at the rate of one and one-half bushels per acre.

The middle of the following April the rye was turned under and the ground thoroughly harrowed. The ground was plowed May 29 and June 25. On May 25 very few thistles could be found. July 14 the ground was seeded to millet, which was cut for hay September 15. Less than 50 thistles were found on the two and one-half acres during the latter half of the season. The net total cost of this victory was $10.50 per acre.

Thistles should not only be cut but burned. No trace of them should be left, as the seeds are easily distributed and will thrive under the most adverse conditions.

EARLY SHELTER

Did you notice this fall how you felt the first cold snap? asks the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean. It is just the same with the horses and cows, and all the farm animals. They, too, felt the first cold of fall and early winter very severely. When the first cold spell came on this fall men and women put on their heavy coats and wraps when they went out. I wonder how many thought about how their animals felt during the same cold period.

If you want to save feed have good shelter for the animals and place them under shelter every night these first days of cold weather. The day may be clear and mild, but it may grow cold and it may rain. Subjecting them to such conditions will mean a loss in flesh or products and may result in so reducing the vitality of some of the animals that it will be difficult to keep them in good condition during the winter.

If the animals are kept warm, dry and well bedded stalls during the cold nights of fall and early winter, where they are comfortable, the feed they have consumed during the day will do more good, otherwise it will be wasted in supplying heat to keep off the cold.

Many farmers stable their work horses at this season at nights, but allow the colts and young horses to stay out in the pasture or lot. If the colts are stabled regularly and fed and handled every day they will not only grow better, but they will become more gentle and will be less difficult to break when the time comes to put them in the harness. This is a good time of the year, too, to halter the colts and teach them to remain tied. Use a strong halter, one that can never break, and you will never have any trouble with them breaking loose in after life. When a young horse is halter broke half the battle is over.

When animals that have been used to being out in the pasture all summer are stabled for the first time in the fall give the stables extra ventilation. They have been used to unlimited quantities of fresh air and they will not do well now if the supply is cut off. The best stable door is the one that is cut in two in the middle horizontally, making a double door, each section of which is carried by a pair of hinges of its own. In mild weather the bottom section only may be closed, which will afford both ventilation and light to the stable. If any of the animals are inclined to jump out when the top section is open a wooden bar may be used to prevent it.

Not only should the animals be housed during cold and bad weather at this season, but they should be given a little extra grain feed. Milch cows, especially at this season, when much of the good pasture grass has been killed or injured by frost, will decrease in their milk flow if they are not warmly housed and given extra feed in the stable. Now is the time when they should have especial attention in this matter, so that they will not decrease in their milk flow and that they will continue to give a full pail in the winter when dairy products are highest and most easily kept fresh.

BIRDS AS PEST DESTROYERS

Pigeon grass, which is extremely common and mischievous in truck land, is a favorite food for the bobwhite. No less than five thousand seeds of this troublesome plant were found in the stomach of one of this species of bird found in New Jersey, and one killed on Christmas day in Virginia was discovered to have eaten ten thousand seeds of the abundant and noxious pest of the garden, the pig weed. It has been estimated that the total consumption of weed seed by the bobwhites in Virginia from September 1 to April 20, amounts to 378 tons. Will the farmer, with these figures confronting him, say that the protection of his quail is a matter of small importance?

With the forests and wild vegetation gone and our fields kept clean of weeds, there is little left for the destructive pests to live on except the crops which have been and are being planted for our own use, such as our orchards and farm and garden crops. The balance of nature has been disturbed and we find ourselves unable successfully to contend with these insect pests. It is just here that our insectivorous birds come to our rescue, and help to save the day. For instance, a house wren, one of our smallest of birds, in feeding her nestlings, will destroy one thousand of these insects in a single day; and, by the examination of a yellow-billed cuckoo's stomach it was found to contain 217 fall webworms and another had eaten 250 caterpillars. Two flickers were each found to have eaten three thousand ants.

PROTECTING FRUIT TREES

As winter comes on all young apples trees should be protected from mice and rabbits. Mice, being small, gnaw the bark from the trees close to the ground, but rabbits gnaw it off up as far as they can reach. In either case where the bark is seriously disturbed by the animals the tree either dies or becomes stunted and distorted in shape so that it is wore than useless.

The way to prevent mice from gnawing young trees is to keep the ground free from grass or other material in which the animals can hide. If a circle two feet in diameter about the base of the tree is clear of dry vegetable matter the mice are not likely apt to bother the tree. Mice will work only where they have material to hide under and if there is no such material close to the tree in winter they will not cross the open space. A circle of coal ashes about the base of the young tree makes a good protection against mice, since they become very compact and are not easily worked under. If the trees are mulched with straw or similar material it should not be placed within at least a foot of the tree.

As a protection against rabbits gnawing the bark from young trees in winter the only remedy is to protect the body of the tree to the height above which a rabbit can reach. This may be done by wrapping the lower part of the tree with heavy paper or several thicknesses of common newspaper. A permanent protection may be made by using small meshed poultry netting. Where the tree is wrapped with paper or similar material, the strings or wires holding the wrapping should be removed at the beginning of the following growing season to prevent girdling of the tree.

PINE LOG BEETLE

An insect known as the southern pine sawyer, which attacks injured and felled pine trees, has been recently studied by the United States department of agriculture, and the conclusions have been published as Part IV. of Bulletin 58, Bureau of Entomology. The beetle is sometimes 1¼ inches in length, is one-third as wide as long, and has a mottled gray or brown color. The horns of the male are often two or three times as long as the body. The larva, or grub, is white and slender, and specimens have been found 2½ inches long. The grub has no feet, but is armed with powerful jaws.

This insect is found throughout the eastern half of the United States, but, since it attacks nothing but pine trees, it is especially troublesome in the pine regions of the south. Fortunately it attacks only those trees that have been injured or felled.

The female digs a noticeable egg pit through the outer bark, and then deposits her eggs in a circle around the pit, between the outer and inner barks, so as to be just under cover of the outer bark. The eggs hatch in about five days, and the small grubs begin to feed upon the soft inner bark, making irregular galleries just next to the wood. In from 15 to 32 days after hatching they mine into the sapwood, using the holes for resting places and as protection from enemies, but continue to feed upon the inner bark. The chips made in cutting are to be found packed between the outer and inner barks. When the grub is full grown, it extends the mine through the sapwood until the heartwood is reached; the gallery is then turned back to a point about a quarter of an inch from the surface and when finished has the shape of a letter U. In the bend of the U the insect spends the dormant period which it must undergo. After becoming a beetle it bores its way out, making a perfectly round exit hole about three-eighths of an inch in diameter, by which it escapes. There seems to be but one full brood in a year, but in southern Mississippi female beetles may be found laying eggs at any time from the first of March to the middle of October.

The damage is done entirely by the grubs, and consists in large, unsightly holes in the sapwood, even penetrating the heartwood which causes the lumber from this part of the log to be thrown into the very lowest grade. Investigations made by the bureau of entomology in Mississippi show that from 75 to 90 per cent of the trees felled by storm become infested by the pine sawyer. About 25 per cent of the lumber in each log infested is seriously damaged. It is estimated that these storms that passed over several southern states in 1907 and 1908 blew down more than 2,000,000,000 feet of timber, and practically all of this was afterward damaged by the pine sawyer. The value of this timber was decreased more than $2,250,000 by the work of the sawyer.

The methods of preventing damage are thus summarized in the bulletin: If possible, saw all storm-felled trunks into logs, and place the logs in water before the larva (grubs) enter the wood, or within 40 days after the eggs are laid. This will drown the larvae. If it impossible to place the logs in water they should be barked within 40 days after the first egg pits are observed in the bark. This will starve the larvae, since they depend upon the soft inner bark for food. Of course, the owner must judge whether the expense of the remedy is greater than the value of the timber will justify.

TURKEY TROUBLE

Several inquiries have come in about turkey ailments. The heads are swollen, and, in some cases, dark colored. In cases of simple swelling the trouble is probably roup. Discoloration points to blackhead, a bilious malarial disease. An open shed, but roof protection from rain, is better than either a tight house or exposed tree tops.

It is more difficult to doctor them than common fowls. Turkeys are both more delicate and more nervous. Since diseases are generally communicated through food and water, a feeding board, regularly cleaned, frequent fresh water, and separation of sick from well are helpful. The white of an egg poured down whole, a one grain pill of quinine daily to each individual and dry bread crumbs or other easily digested food will cure, if cure is possible.

Hawks and crows, which took some straying young poults, especially the former, are such vermin destroyers that they are not unmitigated pests. If one is shot and hung up in plain sight it seems to frighten others away, and total destruction is not necessary nor probably desirable.—Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

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"My wife was down with Consumption when I ordered a bottle of Alcsol (Lloyd). She was very weak from night sweats, cough and feverish condition. I noticed a change for the better after ten days' treatment and from that time on up to three months when the cure was completed. Alcsol (Lloyd) kills the Tubercle Bacillus in the blood and tissue and it is the only remedy so far discovered that will do this. It is a preventative as well as a cure. It should be used by those who are run down or those who fear the approach of Consumption. It can be truthfully said that Alcsol (Lloyd) for the cure and prevention of Consumption is the most wonderful compound of the present age."

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This is only one of hundreds of similar letters from leading physicians and grateful patients that we have received and have on file in our office.

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We make no conditions except that you take the treatment for fifteen days, according to directions. Should the results be such as to make you absolutely sure that a continuance of Alcsol (Lloyd) will cure you, you are to remit us $5.00 for same and continue the treatment until it is all used. If, after taking the treatment for fifteen days, you are not satisfied with the results, you are to return the unused portion of the treatment to us and no charge will be made for that which you have used.

Judd Q. Lloyd, the eminent scientist who discovered this wonderful preparation, was on December 15, 1908, awarded a diploma of merit by the London Society of Science, Letters and Art, in recognition of his valuable services to mankind in discovering Alcsol (Lloyd), the well known successful treatment for consumption. The society was established in 1885, for the purpose of meriting the one greatest achievement in scientific discoveries each year, in each country.

Alcsol (Lloyd) is a perfectly palatable preparation. You take absolutely no risk whatever, for Alcsol (Lloyd) must be entirely satisfactory to you before you pay us one cent. The booklet of the proof is entirely on us. What Alcsol (Lloyd) has done for others it should do for you. Send your name and address today, the nearest express office and we will send you a full month's treatment for trial with full directions. Restorall Chemical Co., 600 Lloyd Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

POULTRY NOTES

Fowls love to thrash out a bundle of wheat or oats, and it does one good to step around to the door of the poultry house and listen to the merry chatter while the fowls are digging in the straw.

Some farmers neglect the 25 to 50 cents that the battening of cracks in the coop would cost, and each month feed a dollar's worth of extra corn in order to supply the animal heat needed.

The answer to the question, Does winter poultry pay? depends in a large measure upon where your hens are roosting. If on the bare branches of a tree, on the northeast corner of the barn, there can be no doubt about it.

There is a disposition to sit around and sleep in winter. Hens will drop into that habit if you do not help them to stir around and work for their living. That is why a scratching shed is good, and why plenty of litter keeps the fowls healthy.

Scatter a little grain among litter at noon, and give a full feed at night. What is meant by a full feed of grain is about a good handful for each fowl in the pen. A mixture of corn, wheat, oats and barley, equal parts by measurement, makes an excellent mixture for winter.

Raise your chickens outdoors at all seasons of the year, give them every opportunity to get fresh air and sunshine. Keep them in small flocks until they roost regularly. Keep the roofs of all brooders and coops water tight; dampness is fatal to chickens, old or young. If coops leak, cover with tar roofing or canvas painted with several coats of white lead.—December Farm Journal.

A Coloradoan on the Tariff.

Editor Blade—Your readers have noticed that Mr. Joseph Harris, of Oxford, Ohio, was given space last week in your paper for criticism and protest against its position on the Payne-Aldrich tariff measure. I admire the gentleman's enterprise in attacking such a giant champion of the old and well approved doctrine of a protective tariff as promulgated by every quadrennial national convention for the last half century of the Republican party, to which your critic claims allegiance. Like me, he may have voted for every Republican candidate for President of the United States from Fremont to Taft. But he is very unlike me if he fails to discover that sometimes a Republican president, congress, or both, make mistakes, and I will add that every one of them has made more mistakes in a year than Bob Ingersoll ever dared to accuse Moses of making in his whole life. More than once my vision has swept the political sky in search of a better party to affiliate with but always failed to find it, so I am still in love with the G. O. P., if for only two prominent reasons, viz.: a protective tariff and sound money, both of which, in my judgment, are the prime factors in our prevailing prosperity, though badly out of balance because excessive tariff in important schedules fatal to the prosperity of the masses of the people who constitute the consumer class, for whose benefit the last National Republican convention declared for a tariff revision downward to the point of difference between the cost of American and foreign labor in production, so that the consumer might have an inning consistent with the great American claim of equal rights to all with special privileges to none. Without this, Mr. Taft could not have been elected and Mr. Roosevelt's successor would be the perpetual candidate.

Instead of the promised revision, congress has given us a hodge-podge tariff law for revenue, protection and monopoly, with the emphasis on the last named, i. e., the party both in and out of the convention asked for bread, and were given a stone by a Republican congress and President, and if

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After you receive the whiskey and drink one full bottle and put it to any test you desire, if you do not say that it is the finest whiskey you ever tasted, regardless of price, you may return the other eleven bottles and we will promptly refund your money without a question. Remember, we guarantee every bottle of **Lackland Whiskey** to be 100 Proof. It is not the weak, watery kind, but is of full strength All shipments made same day order is received, in plain sealed package. Make remittance payable to

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Reference—National Bank of Commerce, Kansas City, Mo., or any express company.

STONE MERCANTILE CO., 39 Stone Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

Bell Ringer for 70 Years.

London Standard.

Mr. John Skinner, aged 86, assisted in ringing of two peals on Broadclyst his last week in celebration of his birthday. He has rung at all the principal events of the period at Exeter cathedral for upward of 70 years, including Queen Victoria's coronation in 1838, her wedding in 1839, both her jubilees, and King Edward's birth and coronation. He is believed to be the oldest ringer in the country.

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Southern State Funds.

Nashville American.

Alabama is said to be facing a deficit of $1,000,000 in its treasury. Georgia came so close to bankruptcy that it had to resort to a near-beer tax. Tennessee has no deficit as yet, but it is far from having as plethoric a treasury as it had a year ago. In the case of the latter state it would surprise no one if the funding board should soon be posting off to New York to borrow money. This condition is not encouraging, especially as there is a debt of approximately $12,000,000 which must be funded within the next three years. The borrowing of money, if it has to be resorted to, will not help the price of state bonds, and this will have its effect when funding time comes around.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

JOHN ANDRE

I would like to have you please give me a short sketch of the life of the British spy named Andre.—E. K. R., Brookville, Pa.

John Andre, a British soldier of Swiss-French parentage, was born in 1751; and died October 2, 1780. His fate is peculiar; failure has given him a monument in Westminster Abbey from his own side, and undying romantic pity from the other, where success would have loaded him with infamy from one, and made the other glad to forget him. He entered the British army when he was only 20 years old, being sent over to this continent in 1774. His advancement was rapid and by 1779 he was the adjutant-general of the British forces in America and one of Clinton's aides. He owed his advancement to his extraordinary charm of person and manner, which won the hearts, not only of his chiefs and associates, out of the very officers who put him to death. He was full of wit and vivacity, a most entertaining companion, a good amateur musician and artist, and a fluent, pleasant writer, which, more than all else, made him Clinton's adjutant and secretary.

In 1780 it fell to Andre's official duties to conduct the negotiations between Clinton and Benedict Arnold for the betrayal of the fort at West Point. Both sides were wary and suspicious of one another. Andre journeyed almost to the American lines. A loyalist farmer carried a packet to him. He then returned with the farmer to the house of another loyalist, where Arnold was and where the details of the betrayal were discussed. Then Andre left with the plan of West Point on his person. He was supposed to leave on board ship, but this ship was driven far down the stream by the firing from the American batteries and Andre did not succeed in boarding her, so he had to set out on horseback with the papers in his boots. On his way he met three American militiamen, John Paulding, David Williams and Isaac Van Wert. They suspected him and found his papers. Andre was at once turned over to Lieutenant-Colonel Jamison, who, not suspecting Arnold's treachery, proposed to send him to that officer, but for some reason or other this was not done. He was sent to Washington, and a military court had him hanged.

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES

What are the cardinal virtues?—W. F. M., Morenci, Mich.

The cardinal virtues is a name applied to those virtues to which all the rest are subordinate, or which comprehend all the others. The distribution of the virtues, which lies at the foundation of this notion had its origin in the old Grecian philosophy, and the same number is found here as in the elements of nature. These principal virtues, as enumerated by Plato, are prudence, temperance, fortitude, and justice. The first three seem to relate to the duties of man toward himself, and to correspond with the triple division of the soul into the intellectual, the irrational, and the seat of affections. Justice relates to our duties to others, or is the union of the first three virtues. Aristotle divided them still farther. Platonists divide the virtues into four classes—civil or political, philosophical or purifying, religious and lastly, divine or pattern virtues; a division coinciding with the rest of his philosophical views. The influence of ancient philosophers has made these cardinal virtues as also a part of the Christian code. Some add to them faith, hope and charity.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

Please tell all you can about Napoleon Bonaparte.—H. G., Demossville, Ky.

Napoleon I was born in Corsica, August 15, 1769, and died in St. Helena, May 5, 1821. At the age of 10 he attended a military school at Brienne, entering the French army as lieutenant in 1785. After several years of active service he married Josephine de Beauharnais in 1796. Being placed at the head of an army he fought many battles with the enemies of the French. He conquered Italy and for a time was master of Egypt, but in the latter place his army was cut off from France by Nelson. Napoleon then undertook to subjugate Syria, but was compelled to retreat to Egypt. During his absence a new coalition had been formed against France and the Directory saw its armies defeated on the Rhine and in Italy. With the assistance of several men he abolished the Directory, virtually making himself monarch under the title of first consul, holding office for a term of ten years. He began a legislative reconstruction of France. In 1802 he was made consul for life, and two years later was proclaimed hereditary emperor of the French. England declared war against France in the meantime. Napoleon soon saw himself opposed by a coalition consisting of Russia, Prussia and England as its principal members. He crushed the first two countries, compelling them to conclude peace in 1807. Russia then allied herself to France, and Prussia lost half of her territory. Napoleon had now reached the height of his power as he was the head of a great confederacy of states. He surrounded his throne with subordinate thrones occupied by members of his family, England alone standing between him and universal dominion. England was safe from invasion, but was vulnerable through her commerce. Napoleon undertook to starve her by closing the ports of Europe against her ships. To do this he seized Spain and Portugal, putting his brother on the Spanish throne. This seizure proved a fatal error, for his resources were drained and an enemy was placed in his rear in 1813. In 1809 he divorced Josephine, marrying Maria Louisa of Austria, in 1810. A war broke out with Russia. He invaded that country, entered Moscow and wanted truce, which was refused. Being compelled to winter there his army dwindled before the cold, hunger and the enemy. Prussia and Austria soon declared war and Napoleon found himself again opposed by a coalition of Russia, England, Prussia, Austria and Sweden. He won his last victory at Dresden in 1813. Napoleon was compelled to abdicate, but was allowed to retain the title of emperor, and received the island of Elba, as a sovereign principality. The congress of Vienna convened in 1814 for the purpose of restoring and regulating the relations between the powers disturbed by Napoleon. Quarrels in the congress encouraged Napoleon to leave Elba in 1815. He entered Paris, formed an army and was defeated by the allies at Waterloo, June 18, 1815. After futile attempts to escape to America he surrendered to the British Admiral Hotham at Rochefort. He was sent to Ste. Helena as a prisoner of the allies for the remainder of his life.

ANDREW LEWIS

Will you please give through these columns a biography of General Andrew Lewis?—A. B. N., Iaeger, W. Va.

Andrew Lewis, the American soldier, was born in Ireland, about 1720, and died in Virginia, September 26, 1781. He resided in Virginia, where he was engaged in the border conflicts, and in 1754 he entered as a volunteer the expedition for taking possession of the Ohio region. Later he became a major in Washington's regiment of his fellow colonists, and was present at the surrender of Fort Necessity. He was in command of the Sandy Hook expedition in 1756; and two years later was with Grant at Fort Duquesne, on which occasion he was taken prisoner and carried to Montreal. He was a commissioner of Virginia in 1768 to arrange a treaty with the Iroquois. When the Indians were hostile on the Virginian border in 1774 Lewis was appointed a brigadier-general, gaining an important victory over the Shawnee confederacy at the battle of Point Pleasant. He held the same position in the Continental army until 1777, when he entered the Virginia civil service. He was member of the Virginia house of burgesses and of several conventions held within that state. Washington highly regarded him as a soldier.

U. S. SUPREME COURT

Please give the names of the judges of the United States supreme court.—B. G. W., Gilbertsville, Ky.

The chief justice is Melville W. Fuller, of Illinois, appointed in 1888. The associate justices are John M. Harlan, of Kentucky, appointed in 1877; David J. Brewer, of Kansas, appointed in 1889; Edward D. White, of Louisiana, appointed in 1894; Joseph McKenna, of California, appointed in 1898; Oliver W. Holmes, of Massachusetts, appointed in 1902; William R. Day, of Ohio, appointed in 1903, and William H. Moody, of Massachusetts, appointed in 1906.

The court is not complete as Rufus W. Peckham died recently and his place has not been filled yet.

COMMISSION GOVERNMENT

Will you kindly explain what is meant by the commission form of government that has been adopted by some of the cities of this country?—A. W., Warren, Pa.

A commission plan of city government divides the business of the city into five general departments, and the mayor and each commissioner is specifically responsible for the work of his department, subject only to the general supervision of the entire commission. There is no ward representation, no councilmanic body. This is the general commission plan. There are slight variations in various cities.

TOLEDO

Why was Toledo named for the old Spanish city of Toledo? What is the significance of the King Wamba carnival, if there is any?—M. F. S., Lansing, Mich.

The name of Toledo was suggested by a man who had just finished reading a history of the Spanish nation, and who thought that the name ought to be adopted because at that time there was no other city in the United States which had a similar name, and because it was so easy to pronounce and to spell. The carnival held during the last summer originated from an old Spanish legend. The celebration of the finding and the crowning of the king was conducted on similar lines as the story of the legend.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE

Please tell all you can concerning Solomon's temple.—M. E., Mt. Olive, Ill.

There is of course nothing of the original temple of Solomon. There were three temples—that of Solomon, that of Zerubabel, built after the return from the Babylonian captivity, and the rebuilding and enlargement of the latter by Herod. In 1865, the Palestine Exploration Fund society began the work of exploration on and about Mount Moriah, as far as the Turkish government swayed by Mohammedan prejudices, would allow it. It was decided first to explore Jerusalem, and in that city to find out all possible concerning the Temple site. The excavation showed that the originally irregular slopes of Moriah had been overcome and a larger area at the summit obtained by the building of enormous stone walls, the hollows between these and the original hill being filled in. The remaining stones of this original wall are now from 90 to 120 feet below the accumulations of the many centreless that have intervened. Part of this wall may date from the time of Solomon; none of it is later than the era of Herod the Great. Where the original hill sloped down to the foot of the deeply buried wall, there have been found extensive structures of masonry, vault after vault—for it was easier to build hollow vaults of stone than to bring earth from long distances to fill up these vacancies.

MISCELLANEOUS

W. N. S., Ostrander, O.: Thanksgiving day has always come on the last Thursday of the month of November by proclamation of the President.

G. P., Youngsville, Pa.: You will have to see an attorney for the information you want concerning the laws of Pennsylvania.

M. E., Mount Olive, Ill.: We cannot give you an account of the language of Scotland.

C. J. B., Soquel, Cal.: The Nasby books are all out of print.

O. H. C., Clear Lake, Wash.: If the electoral college fails to elect a President, his name is voted upon by the house of representatives who elect him according to the constitution.

P. J., Custer, Mich.: We have no means of giving to you a short sketch of Fort Bowie.

M. C. L., Callensburg, Pa.: The Blade cannot print the names of the members of the 61st congress.

P. P., Napier, N. Y.: Government bonds are sold to the national banks of the country.

H. S. I., Brushton, N. Y.: The cost of sending the United States battleship fleet around the world was $2,500,000, which was aside from the regular cost of supporting the navy.

N. G. S., Hinkle, W. Va.: The eclipse of the moon is caused by the earth coming between the moon and the sun, which causes the former to be immersed in the earth's shadow.

O. H., Audra, Tex.: We cannot answer your question but some chemist could do it.

R. M., Denison, Kan.: We do not know whether Robert Emmet's epitaph has been written or not, but Ireland is not yet free, so we think that it hasn't.

J. W. T., Tallapoosa, Ga.: We do not know the names of the towns in the United States where wood pulp is manufactured.

Lawyer in Many Roles.

London Chronicle.

A Martinique barrister has established a singular record by figuring as prisoner, magistrate and advocate within the space of five hours.

He opened this eventful session by taking his place on the dock of the Fort de France police court to meet a charge of assault, and having succeeded in proving considerable provocation, escaped with a slight fine. While the next case was being heard one of the magistrates was seized with indisposition.

The only available substitute was the belligerent barrister, who thereupon took his seat on the bench and helped to try several cases. In the course of the afternoon the victim of indisposition recovered and the temporary magistrate resigned his functions in time to plead for a client who had engaged his services some days previously.

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The King Business.

Kings are the most unhappy crew with whom we've anything to do;
It is an awful job, they say, to swing a scepter every day.

And wearing of a crown o' gold it makes 'em prematurely old,
But blame few monarch pass away from age's natural decay.

Some nihilist, with dirk or bomb, he blows 'em into king-dom come;
These kings they seldom rule alone; there is a power behind the throne;

This power which doth their nerves excite is generally dynamite.
In early France, it was the thing to give some strychnine to the king.

But killing kings by hand was so eternally, dungasted slow.
They built a big machine to swat the monarchs by the carload lot!

We now discard the guillotine and work with notroglycerin—
Thus modern ingenuity in every art and trade we see!

Before so very long, I guess, we'll kill 'em off by wireless.
These days one can't do any good, in kinging for a livelihood.

One monarch offered in remorse, to swap his kingdom for a horse—
With such a great reduction made, he couldn't even find a trade;

Another man was offered free, three times, a kingly crown, and he
Did thrice refuse, and got so sore, they dared to offer it no more.

And thus you see, the common mob don't hanker for a kingly job;
The nations have an uphill pull to keep the royal thrones all full.

Why, even in the days of yore we read about in fairy lore,
The royal families ran amuck, and kings were always out of luck;

Some sorc'ress would bewitch the king and make him daft as anything,
Or else would turn his darling queen into a "tiny frog so green."

Some peasant Rube, with nature bland, would sue him for his daughter's hand;
The king would set some mighty task, the Rube would do what'er he'd ask—

Remove a mountain in a day, or find the needle in the hay;
Would slay the crop-destroying dragon, and keep on pesterin' and naggin'.

Until the king must grant the fool one-half of all his realm to rule,
Accepting for his son-in-law, this red-neck peasant rough and raw!

They say, "to troubled dreams lies down the head that wears a kingly crown,"
From which we judge there's little doubt that kinging has about played out.
—C. L. Edson in Kansas City Star.

Large Brains and Great Minds.

London Evening Standard.

How far are the physical characters of the brain indicative of mental power? The question is still unsolved. Two investigators, Prof. W. von Bechterew and Prof. R. Weinberg, have examined minutely the brain of the late Prof. D. J. Mendelejeff, one of the greatest chemists of the last century. They report that the size was above the average, but not remarkably so, the weight being 1,571 grams (55 ounces). Several eminent men have had heavy brains. Cuvier's weighed 64½ ounces, Dr. Abercrombie's 63, Prof. Goodsir's 57½, Sir J. T. Simpson's 54, and Dr. Chalmers' 57; but no one now thinks that a large brain means a great mind.

How Mae Edna Wilder Got Rid of a Double Chin

Without Dieting, Internal Remedies, Face Straps or Physical Culture — An Interesting Story for Fleshy People.

"I removed my double chin and reduced thirty pounds in less than six weeks," says Mae Edna Wilder, who stands five feet high, weighs 120 pounds, and is a picture of perfect health. "I did this by a process which is my own discovery—a process of external application. I simply apply the treatment to any part of the body where superfluous flesh exists and it vanishes as if by magic. Five minutes every other day for two weeks is all the time needed, and one's most intimate friends need not know anything about it. I am so grateful for my own relief that I will give free advice to any one who suffers as I did. I consider a double chin one of the most unsightly physical defects, and superfluous flesh is just extra weight that one must carry with them everywhere and all the time. I feel ten years younger and a hundred-fold more active since I lost mine." Any interested person who will write to Mae Edna Wilder, Dept. 408C, Rochester, N. Y., will be told how to find relief within two weeks.

Early Coffee Drinkers.

London Chronicle.

There is a quaint reference to coffee—which the commissioners of customs tell us is a declining drink in this country—in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. "The Turks," writes Burton, "have a drink called coffee (for they used no wine), so named of a berry as black as soot and as bitter (like that black drink drink which was in use among the Lacedaemanians, and perhaps the same), which they sip still off, and sip as warm as they can suffer; they spend much time in those coffee-houses, which are somewhat like our ale-houses or taverns, and there they sit chatting and drinking to drive away the time and to oe merry together, because they find by experience that kind of drink so used helpeth digestion and procureth alacrity."

The introduction of coffee into this country dates from the period of the Protectorate. According to a Restoration pamphleteer, "Coffee and commonwealth came in together." The first coffee-house in London was established in 1652 by Pasqua Rosee, an Armenian servant of a city merchant. Others were quick to follow. Naturally the publicans and owners of licensed houses viewed these innovations with alarm. Mr. Hackwood in his recently published book on "The Inns, Ales and Drinking Customs of Old England, recite the case of one James Farre, who was accused of "making and selling a drink called coffee, whereby in making the same he annoyed his neighbors by evil smells, and for keeping of fire for the most part night and day, whereby his chimney and chamber hath been set on fire, to the great danger and affrightment of his neighbors."

COTTON-BEARING TREES

They Grow in Mexico and a Test Is to Be Made of the Fiber.

New York Sun.

A test is to be made of the value of the fiber of the cotton bearing trees which grow wild in Sonora and Sinaloa, Mexico. The tree is known to the Mexicans as the aldone. The staple of the cotton is not as long as that grown by the American planter, but there is no need of ginning it. Merely flaying it with a pole while it is spread out on a canvas or a floor will rid it of the seeds. The staple is about an inch long.

Charles Cummins, a rancher who has a hacienda near La Pastorilla, in Sonora, has been experimenting with the cotton and is preparing to put up a small mill to weave cloth as an experiment. He believes that he will be able to produce a cloth as good as anything that can be made from ordinary cotton, and if so he says there is enough of the product in Mexico to supply that country with all the cotton goods it will need.

The Mexicans have never attempted to weave the fiber, but they have for ages been using the lint for filling mattresses and pillows, and they find that it is far superior to ordinary cotton, as it is not spongy and does not gather into knots.

The bolls are much larger than the cotton bolls. The method of the Mexicans in gathering the cotton is to pull the bolls just about the time they are ripe enough to open and before they begin to drop their contents, and to let them dry, when they will crack open and the lint can be removed readily. The lint is then piled on a canvas or a floor and is flailed after the old-fashioned way of threshing wheat, and the seeds readily drop out of the lint. The fiber is then gathered up and is ready for use.

Mr. Cummins says the fiber is stronger than the American cotton, and he believes the cloth will be more durable.

Brains in Mississippi.

Baltimore American.

"In the matter of furnishing intellect to other parts of the union, Mississippi has done its full share," remarked Col. J. N. Wildberger, a Natchez lawyer, at the City hotel.

"Our state has contributed no less than six United States senators to the present upper house of the American congress, not including its own two senators. Among these are Frances C. Newlands, the exceedingly clever statesman from Nevada, and George F. Chamberlain, who was elected to the senate as a Democrat in the overwhelming Republican state of Oregon. Both these national legislators are of Mississippi origin, and so is Joseph W. Bailey, the brilliant senator from Texas.

"Another son of whom we are proud is the secretary of war in Mr. Taft's cabinet, and it is doubtful whether there is any one of his official family on whom the President leans more heavily for support when delicate and difficult problems are to be considered.

Sleepless Nights

"My wife is of a nervous temperament, and has suffered much from sleeplessness. Since using Dr. Miles' Nervine she has greatly improved and now sleeps well."
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This Stomach Remedy FREE

Fill out the coupon or write a postal and get a Free Sample Bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin—You can try it without expense—In this way thousands have been cured of serious stomach, liver and bowel troubles.

I want to send you or any neighbor or friend of yours who suffers from a stomach, liver or bowel disorder, a sample bottle of my wonderful tonic-laxative, famous for over twenty years as **Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.** There will be no charge for this sample bottle. All you have to do is to send me your name and address on a postal card, or fill out the coupon and send it to me, and I will gladly do as I here agree. This offer is open to anyone, anywhere.

This sample bottle contains the same wonderful vegetable remedy—the same remarkable ingredients—as the **Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin** which sells over the counters of every drug store in the United States at 50 cents and $1.00 a bottle—the same curative, satisfaction-giving, laxative tonic that families have been using for twenty years or more. I am in a position to give away thousands of these sample bottles, and I want you all to send in your request.

My object in offering a free sample bottle is that I know I have a remedy of extraordinary merit, and there is no better or squarer way for me to convince the people of that fact than to let them use a sample bottle free of charge. In this way thousands have been brought to use it as a family remedy, as they got results. The sales in drug stores are doubling every year, so the free sample idea must be right, as the sample has the same contents as the regular bottles.

I firmly believe that **Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin** is the best remedy on the American market for any form of stomach, liver or bowel disorder—better than any other liquid remedy because **Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin** contains not only the best laxative properties, but famous tonic and upbuilding ingredients as well; better than any tablet remedy because tablets gripe and not all stomachs can dissolve them; better than any salt, pill or purgative because these are violent in action and do but temporary good.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN TRAINS THE STOMACH MUSCLES TO DO THEIR WORK NATURALLY, and in that way brings about a permanent cure. It builds up and strengthens weakened digestive systems. With all its wonderful effectiveness, it is yet so gentle in action that it can be given to infants—in fact, thousands of mothers buy it for their babies and children. And because of its gentle action, so free from griping, it is the best laxative for women and old people.

Write me today for a free sample bottle. Fill out the coupon and send it to me. **You will be making no mistake.**

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I receive many letters every day from people who were cured of some stomach, liver or bowel trouble by even the free sample bottle of **Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.** This cure with a free sample bottle means that they did not feel the need of going to their druggist for the regular 50 cent or $1 bottle. But they show their appreciation by telling others of my remedy, and these others, whose confidence is then established, buy it of their druggist. I want you who have never tried it to send to me for a free sample bottle so that you can tell your neighbors and friends what it has done. Fill out the coupon and send it to me today.

I received the free sample bottle of Syrup Pepsin and used it as directed and found great satisfaction to my complaint. I have also used a 50 cent bottle and expect to keep it in my house. I would not do without it. Doctor, you would have heard from me before now, but I thought I would try your Syrup Pepsin before answering so I could write you just how it acted. I have found Syrup Pepsin just as you recommended it to be.
Mrs. Maggie Waters, 132 East Ave., Vicksburg, Miss.

I wish to thank you for your valuable sample bottle of Syrup Pepsin and I have purchased a $1.00 bottle and it is very satisfactory to me, as I have been troubled with constipation and stomach troubles for several years. I have spent a great deal of money doctoring with different doctors and have had no satisfaction until I heard of your remedy.
Mrs. Thos. Flanagan,
110 N. Macon Street, Brookfield, Missouri.

I am glad to tell you that your Syrup Pepsin has acted like a charm. It did me lots of good. I tell you it is fine. I thank God and you so much for giving you the knowledge. So many thanks to you for your medicine.
Mrs. Briscilla Scott, 26 B St., Lawton, Okla.

The sample bottle of Syrup Pepsin did me so much good that I bought a bottle and am now like the blind man when Christ restored his sight and told him to tell no man, yet he went out and proclaimed it to the world. That is just what I am doing also, and as I was in such bad shape and am an old man 76 years old, that will have its effects at least in the community in which I live. I am now feeling better than I have for the past twelve years. I will take one more bottle and think that will fix me up all right. You can use this for a testimonial if you like.
Thomas Ely, Edison, Ohio.

It is pleasure for me to recommend your Syrup Pepsin to anyone who has stomach trouble. I used the sample you sent me and am now on my second 50 cent bottle. It is the best medicine I ever saw. I cannot be without it.
Garrett Hatfield, Murray, Ky.

In regard to your Syrup Pepsin you sent me a trial bottle and I used it and bought a 50 cent bottle and have had no headache since I commenced to use it, and before I had headache once or twice a week. I am very much pleased with your medicine and much obliged.
J. F. Snavely, New Enterprise, Pa.

I feel it my duty to write and thank you for your sample bottle of Syrup Pepsin, as it has done me a world of good. I tell all my friends, who suffer as I did of it and will always recommend Syrup Pepsin to stomach sufferers. You may publish this letter if you like.
Mrs. A. B. Miles, 4511 Magazine St., New Orleans, Louisiana.

I received the bott

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

NOVEMBER PREMIUM WATCH.

We have awarded The Blade premium watch for the largest club sent us last month to T. D. Heiston, Kimball, Va., who sent us a club of 161 names.

What has become of the old-fashioned rambo apple?

If we could see ourselves as others see us we might not believe it.

It is said that E. H. Harriman never swore. But then he was never speaker of the house.

France is trying to find a substitute for horse meat. The automobile, of course, won't do.

It is said an epidemic of matrimony is sweeping over the land. Have you been vaccinated?

Collector Loeb has certainly made himself unpopular with the people who can afford to pay.

Secretary Wilson is surely making a great success of the government's prosperity department.

"What if women die in jail?" asks Mrs. Pankhurst. Why, build them an enduring monument.

So far, the only thing that has been absolutely proved against Dr. Cook is that he is a Democrat.

Another plausible reason for the high price of meat is the fact that people will persist in eating it.

Rain stopped a revolution in Santo Domingo recently. The army didn't have his umbrella with him.

By going wet Alabama saved herself from being read out of the Democratic party by the Houston Post.

Mr. Timothy Woodruff says Governor Hughes can have a third term. Tim always was a liberal fellow.

Congressman Murdock says Speaker Cannon will resign to save his party. Mr. Murdock's optimism is a fascinating joy.

Experience is such a dear teacher that after a poor man has paid his tuition he hasn't much left for the butcher and the baker.

There are lots of women who could write interesting articles on the subject of matrimony if they were not married.

Perhaps no less than nine out of ten men, as they tear the last leaf off the calendar, think they will do better next year.

A Chicago professor says he "just loves to sew buttons on his pants." If he's telling the truth he must be a philosophical freak.

For 14 years a western woman saved her pennies in order to secure a divorce. As a rainy day economist she is entitled to the record.

A few weeks after she has been happily wed a woman's greatest desire is to make a match involving her dearest girl friend in matrimony.

Cuba is only human. She was a good little girl while Uncle Sam was around, but as soon as he left she forgot to say her "Now I lay me," etc.

A Philadelphia man dislocated his jaw five times in two weeks. Some day he may learn that the safest way is to let his wife do the talking.

Zelaya's doom is sealed, it is said. Which means that he will soon be in a position similar to that of the pessimist—"Nowhere to go but out."

"A Missouri editor gloats over the mules and goats raised by his state." But he hasn't the nerve to say anything about the Ben Davis apple.

Mr. Roosevelt is being mentioned for a third term. But since he has made the acquaintance of the singing topi such talk may not sound like music to him.

Mrs. Pankhurst, it may be gathered from her remarks, doesn't want woman regarded merely as a helping hand society or a sock-darning institution.

A great deal is being said about Uncle Joe Cannon, but there is nothing to indicate that he has been leading any Thursday night prayer meetings recently.

King Edward, it is said, can pick out an American woman by looking at her back. Probably none but an American woman would dare turn her back to the king.

A London physician says man has more internal organs than he needs. Perhaps that is true, but it will do no harm to keep them. They may come handy some day.

A Boston surgeon thinks man can be made a thing of beauty by the use of the knife. But hasn't the barber, with his razor, been doing that for many generations?

Mrs. Pankhurst is going back to England to serve a month in jail. She must think the jails of this glorious land of the free and home of the brave are not good enough for her.

King Manuel found a large crop of princesses, but he did not select one for a wife. No doubt he found it somewhat different from going into the orchard and picking a choice apple or peach.

THE TAFT ADMINISTRATION.

The persistent efforts of muck-raking magazines and sensational newspapers to discredit President Taft's administration, is failing of its obvious purpose. It is failing because the American citizen, above partisanship and class prejudice and every other consideration, loves fair play. He detests the fixed jury and the prejudged cause. He wants every man to have a chance. He knows that the condemnation of the President, just now so common in the purple and yellow publications, is based on no facts or works or deeds. He believes, does the American citizen, that the nation's new chief executive should have the same chance to make good as is given the new truck driver and the new elevator conductor and the new bank clerk and every other man who enters on an untried field of endeavor. And everybody knows that the first eight months of Mr. Taft's administration have not been long enough, measured in days, or rich enough in events to permit an open minded people to form an accurate estimate of the man and his works.

Mr. Taft's friends in this great heart of the land that lies between the self-sufficiency of the eastern coast and the exaggerated sectionalism of the trans-Mississippi country are frank in their disappointment at some of his public utterances. The Blade, in common with thousands of middle-west citizens, cannot follow the President in his impatience with the "insurgents" of the special session nor can it endorse his sentiments of respect and admiration for Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island. That the senate leader is honest in his viewpoint can be conceded, but that that viewpoint is a healthful or healthy one or, in a large sense a patriotic one, this newspaper is unable to admit. The Blade has believed, and must continue to believe, that Mr. Aldrich is an anachronism and altogether unfitted for the place of power he holds in the making of the nation's laws. He is three decades behind the American parade. Lake Cannon, he is utterly reactionary in his habit of thought. He does his thinking east of the Alleghenies. He confuses commercialism with patriotism. He looks at America through the plate glass windows of lower Broadway. As a senator from an eastern state he is a good senator. But as the unhampered boss of all the senators from all the states he is a national irritant, if not a real menace to the country' broadest and highest progress.

But the President's New England speech in defense of Aldrich was not, in any sense, a defense of Aldrichism. It was the protest of a great, courageous man against the exaggerated and unjust misrepresentation of which he felt Aldrich was a victim. Mr. Taft knew the sentiment against the Rhode Islander. He knew how unpopular would be any word spoken in the senate boss' defense. But he hates injustice more than he loves adulation, and he did what he considered his duty—facing the certain condemnation that his words would bring him. In the days of the special session the President by appeals and by sheer force had compelled many, very many, alterations of the Aldrich tariff program. He did not get all he wanted. The tariff bill did not, his friends believe, go as far as it should and as the President wanted it to go. But the concessions wrung from Aldrich and his followers resulted in the best bill the country has yet had. The President believed that he had redeemed his party's pledges when the bill went to his desk for signature, and he was brave enough to risk temporary unpopularity in protesting against the extreme condemnation to which the men who had yielded to his demands were being subjected. That he "played bad politics" is beyond question. But that the bigness of his courage and heart justifies the bad politics will, The Blade believes, be the ultimate judgment of the country.

The question of Aldrichism and certain injustices in tariff schedules are, however, minor ones in the consideration of the Taft administration, and the estimate ultimately to be placed on it by the whole people. Changes and corrections are to be urged from time to time upon the recomemndation of the tariff board. It is to be remembered that in the presidential campaign of 1908 there was one paramount, overshadowing, ever discussed issue—the promise of national prosperity. The country had been deep in the shadow of financial disaster. Across the land there were silent mills and smokeless chimneys and unemployed men and starving women and children. From the moment of the nomination at the Chicago convention until the polls closed on election day, Mr. Taft's supporters, in the press, on the platform, in the streets, everywhere, made the return of prosperous days the issue. The great mass of the people believed that Taft's election would bring back a time of plenty. It was his promise and his party's promise. The people pledged their faith in him in millions of votes.

And William Howard Taft has redeemed that pledge. There is smoke in the chimneys now, and the mills are singing and the children are in school again. The country's confidence in Taft's strength and wisdom was manifest in improved conditions before he took the oath of office. The announcement of his policies added to that confidence. National prosperity is driving want and suffering from their last hiding places. The United States is entering on a period of peace and plenty unequaled in its history. And with it all, despite the thin line that lies between encouragement of legitimate business enterprise and the restricting and punishing of illegitimate business aggressions, the President has held firmly to a program that promises a continuance of the moral uplift and the struggle for commercial and national righteousness so splendidly inaugurated by the much-loved Roosevelt. How much of his program Mr. Taft can carry out, how far he can go with the reforms he seeks, the next two sessions of congress alone can tell. The strength of the Aldrich machine, backed as it is even by the two Ohio senators, and the weak surrender even of the Democratic representatives to the reactionary forces of Cannon in the house, make the forcing of any material progress a giant task. Theodore Roosevelt was blocked many times by the combination of reactionary Republicans and spineless Democrats in congress, and Mr. Taft's policies are certain to suffer similarly at times. In his cabinet he faces unfortunate conditions, as did Roosevelt with his Morton and McKinley with his Alger. The three years and more ahead of him are years for a strong man.

But The Blade believes he IS a strong man whom the people have made President. It believes that the bigness of heart and mind and patriotic purpose of the President will make itself more and better known to the nation as the weeks and months go by. The attacks of the jingo press on McKinley in the days before the Spanish war have left no blot on his great name. The assaults of subsidized newspapers on Theodore Roosevelt have not marred his fame. And the bitterness of the present day scandal mongers cannot prejudice Taft's cause with his countrymen.

The nation is waiting for the working out of the President's policies—for the deeds of his administration. And it is waiting, The Blade believes, in all faith and confidence that William Howard Taft will go into history as one of the country's great Presidents.

A SESSION OF INQUISITION.

The present session of congress is to have one distinction unique in the history of national legislation. It is to be a congress of investigations and revelations. The inquisitor will play a big part. Herculean work is to be laid out for the prosecutor.

Here is a partial list of subjects for which special commissions of inquiry will be demanded:

Charges by Parsons of collusion between New York Republicans and Democrats in election of Speaker Cannon.
Conservation imbroglio between Ballinger and Pinchot.
Operations of sugar trust in violation of law.
Customs frauds, and responsibility, therefor.
Merger of telegraph and telephone corporations.
Operations of law imposing tax on oleomargarine and charges of wholesale evasion of tax.
Charges of laxity in enforcement of federal civil service law.
Expenditures of executive branch of government with a view to retrenchment.
Charges against Judges McPherson and Philips in connection with Missouri freight rate litigation.

Two of the investigations bear an odd relationship with each other. The charges of Representative Parsons against Speaker Cannon are to be avenged by a demand for an investigation of the entire career of the sugar trust, the father of Parsons being a director of the American Sugar Refining company. The Ballinger and Pinchot fight may dwindle to nothing before congress gets around to it. The report of the secretary of the interior makes it appear as if the Ballinger and Pinchot policies were at last attuned in harmony. The customs fraud cases are bottomless. The investigation might be made a matter of years, not of months. The merger of telephone and telegraph companies has not gone far beyond the preliminary stages, and the promoters may be scared off by the first speech in congress. The butterine tax is said to have been successfully dodged, which means more trouble for the beef trust.

Railroad legislation, the reform of the courts and the rehabilitation of the naval organization may have to wait on the probers. Morals before economies will be the word in Washington this winter.

THE TREMULOUS ISLANDERS.

Cuba revolutionless is only a dream. Cuba capable of self-government in an orderly manner, capable of considering political expedients without resort to rifle and machete, is an idea for altruists only.

The present administration has less than a year of unprotected conduct to its credit. The hopes that the adherents of the president and those of the vice president could fuse have dwindled away. Since the American troops withdrew, the politicians have drifted farther and farther apart. They are now at odds which can never, it is asserted in Havana, be overcome. It is only a question of weeks before rebels will be skulking through the cane-brakes taking potshots at persons passing along the highways. It will be only a question of weeks before the vice president slips from the capital city and in some disloyal town a new flag is hoisted.

The distressful thing about revolution in Cuba, is that in the United States an impersonal view cannot be taken of the progress of hostilities. We are bound, both by treaty and a moral obligation, to maintain peace in the island. The task has been no light one. It has been costly. It is bank full with delicate issues and irritations. Continued revolution will make permanent occupation a necessity, a step which few except the most enthusiastic imperialists can think of with pleasurable anticipation.

THE HUNTING HARVEST.

The Chicago Tribune has compiled a list of the hunting casualties of the season. So far 87 persons have been killed in the United States and Canada and 68 injured. The list is, of course, not a complete one. Many assuredly have been killed of whom no report has reached the newspapers and undoubtedly one or two hundred more wounded.

Glancing over the succinct accounts of the casualties one is most impressed by the chances which members of hunting parties take in the fields and woods. "Shot by companion," or "mistaken for deer," appear throughout the list with grim frequency. The "companion" is surely a nervous and excitable person. He has a trick of blazing away apparently with eyes shut. That another hunter happens to be within the line of fire or not is left to the watchfulness of providence. The seeming resemblance between a man and a deer has struck those who have been in the woods for only a few days in the course of their lives. When leaves rustle in the wind or a woodpecker drums upon a dead branch or a guide steps upon a fallen limb, the untrained sportsman beholds a deer in imagination and promptly raises his rifle. The result, as the statistics show, is too often highly regrettable.

The casualty list has an element of awe, but there is no hope held out that each year's garnering of dead and wounded will become smaller—certainly not until game is extinct.

The Lord loves a cheerful liver.

NAVAL CHANGES.

George von L. Meyer will have been the first secretary of the navy within the memory of the present generation to succeed in putting the naval organization upon a business basis, if his plans go through. Secretary after secretary has gone to Washington fired with the ambition of reforming the department. Secretary after secretary has learned to obey the simple direction, "Sign here," without question or murmur. All lanes turn at last. It may be Von L. Meyer's fate to be at the turn.

Of the changes made, those that will strike the layman most forcibly are the establishment of cost-making systems in the navy yards and the consolidation of established boards into new divisions. The administration of the navy yards has been a source of criticism for many years. There have been periods when workmen were so numerous that they could hardly move without stepping upon one another's feet and had to invent ways of appearing busy. At other times a score of mechanics were put upon rush jobs where 200 were needed. The boards which the secretary purposes to abolish—congress permitting—are those naval bureaus which have acquired a name for inefficiency. They have been the chief obstacle to building up the navy along modern lines of swift and deadly effectiveness.

Secretary Newberry tried to make radical changes, but the course he took conflicted with the statutes and regulations which governed the department. Von L. Meyer has made a favorable impression by avoiding reforms which would bring him against the stone wall of the law. It is highly probable that congress may interfere as it did to retain the marines. The powers of the house and senate are warmly attached to the bureau scheme.

THE LAST DEFENSE.

The demagogue we have always with us, and as ours is a government of the people the only way to dispose of him is to move on. I am perfectly willing to trust the verdict of a prosperous and happy people in the elections of November, 1910, after the new tariff law has been in operation for over a year.—Speaker Cannon in speech in Kansas City.

The last resort of the politician in a corner is to shout "demagogue." It is his final argument. It indicates that he realizes he is running short of explanations and is "up against it."

The opponents of Joseph G. Cannon have had no greater reason for encouragement than the fact that the speaker has devoted so much time and lung power to the defense of his peculiar form of statesmanship. He has long been on the offensive. For many years it has been possible for Cannon to ignore all the criticisms and questions of his fellow countrymen. His position became so shaky last spring that he was compelled to enter into a compact with Tammany Hall, the vile profiter of crime and women's shame. His power was only slightly modified by the house when the fight was made upon the rules. He can continue at the session about to open to suppress progressive legislation, aid his friends of "special interest" and humiliate his enemies upon the floor.

But the battle is not all directed against Cannon. It is against Cannonism—that school of politics gradually grown up, fattening upon trickeries and "jokers" and "pork barrels." Cannon will be out of public life shortly, but the battle must be carried on beyond his day. His politics must be torn out, root and branch.

WHAT COOK HAS FLED.

Dr. Cook, so the dispatches report, is upon the verge of a nervous breakdown. The relief from the strain of the Arctic exploration, the feasting and receptions, the race around the country on a lecture tour, and the irritation attending the controversy with Peary, have all combined to rack him physically and mentally. He has been in hiding while he prepared his memoranda for the University of Copenhagen. He is now said to have fled to sea.

In giving our sympathy to Dr. Cook, however, we should not forget that his intimate partisans need a share of it. They apparently have been suffering more than the doctor. Read the statement of Henry Wellington Wack, counsel for Cook:

We know indisputably that a woman and two men were planning to board the steamship United States, on which Dr. Cook's secretary was to travel with the records. They were going for the express purpose of getting the records. The plan, as we understand it, was for the woman to ingratiate herself with Mr. Lonsdale, and then "dope" him, so that her companions could ransack his effects. We have frustrated this by sending the records several days ahead on another steamship, which is now in mid-Atlantic.

The soothing hand of an alienist seems needed in this case. "Don't worry, now. It will soon be over. Everything is all right." Physicians recognize the illusion of conspiracy as one of the marked symptoms of mental disorder. There is no sign that Dr. Cook is afflicted with this distressing ailment. Noting its presence in his counsel he could do nothing better, as a matter of safety when he himself is ill, to take a boat for foreign parts.

THE GOODNESS OF THE EARTH.

The report of the secretary of agriculture for 1909 is as it has been for the last 10 years, a marvelous garden of impressive facts—only more marvelous than any of those of the 10 years. Every paragraph is a fecund rosebush of statistics. The earth has given of her riches with unstinting hands, moving Secretary Wilson to poetical calculations and compilations of figures of speech.

The value of farm products this year is estimated at $8,760,000,000, which is $869,000,000 better than the great harvest season of 1908. Eleven years ago the yield was worth $4,417,000,000, so that since then our farms have produced nearly twice as much, measured by dollars and cents. As the secretary says, "It has paid off mortgages, it has established banks, it has made better homes, it has helped to make the farmer a citizen of the world and it has provided him with means for improving his soil and making it more productive."

Here are a few estimated values:

Corn, $1,720,000,000. The 120 days of its growth meant a daily production of nearly $15,000,000. The harvest of 1909 was worth 36 per cent more than the average of the crops of the last five years.

Cotton, $850,000,000. No cotton crop since 1873 has brought so high a price to the planter.

Wheat, $725,000,000. The farm price last month was in the neighborhood of a dollar, the best since the year 1881. In point of size the wheat crop is the third largest ever produced.

Hay, $665,000,000. Its value in 1907 was $743,500,000.

Oats, $400,000,000. In production, the record stands second.

Potatoes, $212,000,000. The best producing year.

Tobacco, $100,000,000. The record production season.

Beet sugar, cane sugar, molasses and sirup, $95,000,000. New production figures made.

Barley, $88,000,000. Below the value of 1908.

Flaxseed, $36,000,000. A gain over last year.

Rice, $25,000,000. Production, 1,000,000,000 pounds. The highest yield in history.

The cereal crops entire were the largest since 1906, amounting to 4,711,000,000 bushels. The 1906 record alone eclipses that of this year. The value of the crops, however, has touched a new high point, beating the average of the last five years 34 per cent. Potatoes, tobacco, beet sugar and rice have broken their previous records. The harvest of corn and oats was the second best. Increased values were made in cotton, wheat, corn, hay, oats, tobacco and potatoes.

It is impossible for any human being to grasp that huge figure, $8,760,000,000, the wealth taken out of the soil in 1909. Yet it cannot be long before the statistics of products for this year will fade into insignificance. It might be said that in this country the ground has hardly been scratched. Immense tracts are being opened to the farmers through irrigation projects. Others will be settled upon in the next few years. Thousands of acres of public land are yet to be worked. The grazing country of the west and southwest will some day know the plow. Swamp lands will be drained. Forest land now worked over will gradually be settled upon. The neglected sections of the country—in the eastern valleys and the south—will support a population as large as that within our borders today. More than all, these lands—untried and abandoned—are the tracts which give a living to few where many might live and prosper. Nearly every farmer in the middle west has land to which he gives no attention whatever. No fruit tree, no berry bush, no grazing animal, maybe not even a scrub oak, takes benefit from it. Much of it may be unproductive, but much more is good land untouched.

The average southern California farm is said to be less than 15 acres in size. The day must come when the high priced land in the eastern and middle western states must be worked as thoroughly as this in order that a fair interest may be made on the investment.

CHRISTMAS ADVICE.

Edith Kendall, of the Consumers' League, New York, has performed a real benefit to mankind by reducing the huge mass of Christmas advice to seven very short paragraphs:

Buy early—early in the season, and early in the day.
Send packages two weeks before Christmas, marked, "Not to be opened till Christmas."
Aim to minister to real needs. Give chiefly to children. Make it their day.
Buy nothing you cannot afford.
Choose articles showing artistic merit or having intrinsic value.
Demand things which have been made and sold under conditions wholesome to the worker.
Above all, remember that Christmas is of sweet and noble memory and not an occasion appropriate to vulgar display.

In spite of the jeering of the pessimists we believe that people will, in time, follow the urgent suggestion to shop early. Anything sensible has always a chance of winning. The delivery men and boys of the stores, the expressmen and postal carriers may come to look upon Christmas as a season of good will if folk will send away their packages early enough. The recipient of the present will be thankful, too, because a study of the handwriting may give him a clue to the sender and relieve him of that embarrassment t attendant upon being remembered while not remembering. Asking one to consider real needs only is asking too much of imperfect humanity. The heart of one is often touched the deepest by the utterly incongruous and unutilitarian gift. None is likely to forget that Christmas is the children's day. To buy nothing you cannot afford is excellent advice extremely difficult to obey. Ebenezer Scrooge followed it, but not Bob Cratchit. To take pains to see that things you buy have been made and sold under conditions wholesome to the worker is to help immeasurably in the advance of civilization.

ANTIQUES AND ART.

Maxwell Blake, United States consul at Dumfermline, has written an extended report upon the sale of fraudulent antiques, which enjoy such a large sale in this country.

Snuff boxes, enamels, porcelains, miniature paintings, color prints, clocks and furniture pieces are turned out by the gross for the American trade. Skillful copyists can make a bit of bric-a-brac so exactly like an antique that even experts are deceived. Old English silver has virtually all been gathered in by collectors. Every chance is that anything of the sort appearing in a dealer's shop is a "fake." Grandfather time-pieces are the particular work of Dutch craftsmen. Italians are prepared to deliver any form of antique, from a church painting to a suit of armour, upon sufficient notice that a gull from over seas is in the country.

An interesting dispute is now being carried on in Europe. A German museum director has bought a cracked and stained wax figure which, he says, is from the hands of Leonardo da Vinci. The sum of $40,000 was paid for it, the dealer making a profit of $39,250. It is declared in England that the statute was made by a London sculptor, Richard Cockle Lucas, now dead. If the statute is of Fifteenth century workmanship it is priceless; if of Eighteen century, it is worthless—according to the collector interpretation of art.

When age is an essential constituent of beauty, it is perfectly natural that age should be provided by those who must live by the making and sale of articles of the kind. No doubt many of the workmen in the antique factories are real artists. But comparatively few of the buyers are willing to purchase the production of contemporaneous men and women. So—perforce—art must pose for what it is not. Fraud develops genius and millionaires fill their homes with curios of tainted authenticity. What a job there'll be for the junk dealers when the fashion changes!

BRENNAN AND THE SCEPTICS.

The invention of Louis Brennan, by which the equilibrium of a train is maintained upon a single rail by means of gyroscopes, has had its first test with a large-sized model. The experiment, to judge by the dispatches from London, was most impressive. The cars did run upon the rail, did make swift turns, did keep up a high speed and were able to keep their balance against every seeming law of gravitation. But the trial has not converted the technical men who have argued the impracticability of the invention since the first account of it was published.

The Electric Railway Journal reflects the expert view:

Some dangers exist in all means of transportation but they are at least minimized in the railway of the ordinary construction where if the machinery breaks down and a stop has to be made the car is in a state of stable equilibrium. We cannot look upon the new car of Mr. Brennan in any other way than as a magnified toy, so far as the practical requirements of transportation are concerned.

It is true that nearly all revolutionary inventions were hotly denounced by men trained in engineering and mechanics when they were offered to the world. The locomotive was criticised in a thousand ways, many of them absurd. Even the pulpit pronounced it a work of the devil. A reluctant admission of the ingenuity of the telegraph was granted, but little more. The telephone was called a toy. The high cost of the electric light was pointed out as an insurmountable obstacle to practical application. Only a year or so ago a great scientist invoked the principles of mathematics to prove that a machine heavier than air could not fly.

Yet the problem of safety must be solved before the Brennan system can be adopted. The technicians do not believe it can be solved. Time will show which is right, Brennan or his critics.

ISLAND FIGHTING MEN.

One of the unpleasant inheritances that went with the annexation of the Philippine islands was that group of little islands known as the Jolo archipelago. The natives have a strong taste for fighting and once they take to the warpath they battle with the hate which marked the Apache as the worst of our Indian enemies.

A battle was fought a short time ago with a band of Moros upon the island of Patian, a battle which is said to have been the most desperate in the experience of American troops in the Philippines. The bandits had taken refuge in a cave within the crater of an extinct volcano. It was necessary for the soldiers to lower themselves to a steep and treacherous patch fire at an uncomfortable angle, watch against surprises for three days and finally to charge the cave. The Moros fought with the wild fury of the Mohammedan fanatic. The hand to hand encounter lasted hardly more than a minute, but in the course of it several soldiers and two sailors from a supporting gunboat, were wounded and every Moro outlaw was killed.

The fight, it is said by those familiar with the people of the archipelago, will have little deterrent effect upon other natives. It is their disposition to love bloodshed for its own sake. If they die fighting, their names become a part of the immortal traditions recited before children. Religion opens the gates of their heaven for them. Other and as bitterly fought conflicts may be expected throughout the occupation.

THE OFFICIAL FAMILY.

Were a government measured by the size of its official family, undoubtedly the United States would be head and shoulders above all other nations. It takes an exceeding number of men and women, not to mention office-boys and messengers, to run this government. How many, one may learn from the register published by the census bureau.

The number of employes, exclusive of the army and navy services, is 370,000, which is an increase of 64,000 in the course of two years. In the District of Columbia there are concentrated 28,947 persons whose daily meat is dependent upon Uncle Sam's income. The annual pay-roll of the District is $31,541,226. There is a boost of $5,000,000 coming next year, when 3,000 clerks are to be given desks in the census office. The treasury department has the largest force, 6,996. The executive offices get along with 43 employes.

The increase in the civil staff was made a subject for attack in the campaign of 1908, the Democratic orators charging the thing to "Rooseveltian extravagance." As a matter of fact the increase had been made by various laws passed by congress. Democratic members had, many of them, given their fullest approbation to the legislation. Yet in the campaign of 1912 the Taft administration will, in every likelihood, be bitterly criticized for opening the pursestrings too widely, though the watchword now is economy.

A THRILLING STORY.

The best thing in the way of fiction that has been offered Blade readers in a long time will make its initiatory appearance within a week or two, following the closing chapter of "The Landlubbers." We have published many good stories, clean and interesting, but none to equal "Travernay, the Tale of the Red Terror," by Burton E. Stevenson.

"Travernay" is a thrilling incident of the French Revolution. It breathes the spirit of that period, is intensely dramatic, full of action, and will keep the reader on his tip-toes waiting for what is to happen next. Of course there is love, and much of it—deep, fascinating and everlasting. There is a climax in every chapter that will stir the blood and increase the heart action. It is a story worth watching for. Blade readers will surely be fascinated with it.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

A HERO'S VALEDICTORY

International Sunday School Lesson for December 12 is "Paul's Last Words." Tim. 4:1-18.

BL WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The Cherry mine disaster has stirred a continent. The imagination of the dullest has been caught by that picture of the men down in the blackness waiting, waiting, waiting for the end. What heroism was that which kept them from frantic and futile endeavor, in grim resolution? And their last messages—ah, there's the revealing. Scrawled on odd bits of paper in the darkness, what were these last messages to loved ones about? God, mostly. When a man is face to face with death, the depths of his nature rise to the surface, and the real man stands forth. The end tests all. It proves that man, in his truest self, is inextinguishably religious.

The letters that have been brought up from the Cherry mine have given the world a glimpse into that death-chamber. Here, in this lesson, we catch a fleeting view of another underground dungeon, where a man awaited death. This is the Mamertime prison, in Rome—still shown to travelers—and the occupant is Paul the aged, the gray-haired hero of many battlefields, and a greater force in human history than lustful, pride-crazed Nero on the throne. This is Paul's second Roman imprisonment. No more does he have his own hired house. The vials of persecution have been opened upon his head, and he will not leave this dungeon until he goes forth to his death.

When I visited the Mamertime prison, one of the best authenticated of Rome's many historical spots, the guide, a quiet, reverent fellow, told the story of how the spring of water in the dungeon, which is still flowing, sprang miraculously into existence to satisfy the prisoner's thirst. That is only a legend, of course; but in a higher, truer sense there has been flowing from that underground prison cell a stream of living water that has meant refreshment and life to uncounted parched souls. Behold, twenty-five million members of the Sunday school are partaking of it today! These last words of Paul flowed from the Mamertime prison.

A Request to the Dearest.

This is a last letter, a great heart's farewell. As the Cherry mine missives were indited to the fated man's dearest, so the letter was written to the one Paul loved best, his young friend Timothy, his spiritual child. How the aged warrior's heart warmed to the youth whom he had reared in the faith. There were none of age's cynicism about Paul, and no lamenting of "the good old days," or the croaking that "young people aren't what they used to be." Paul had warm faith in Timothy, and looked to him to carry on his own work. To that end he seems to have tried to embody his own life and ideals in the younger. Happy is the fading life which sees its powers blossom again in a child, friend or disciple. The best bequest anybody can make is to pass on to another his highest ideals, visions, task.

Paul loved the work above his best friend. To the last his thought was of his mission. The duty to which God has called a man takes precedence of everything. There is something heroic and majestic about Paul's clarion call to his disciple to take up his labors for the church he loved. It suggests that dramatic scene, ten years ago, in the city of Paoting-fu, China, when the princely Horace Tracy Pitkin knew that he must die at the hands of the blood-maddened Boxer hordes. He called to him a trusted native Christian, and bade him bear this message to Mrs. Pitkin and their boy in America: "Tell Mrs. Pitkin how I died. Tell her that when little Horace is 25 years old, I want him to return to China, to take my place." That was the Pauline spirit, which has carried Christianity to world-conquest.

Paul and the Preachers.

In the light that is reflected from the Eternal City, many things stand out clearly. Then we see what is worth while. If only we could regulate our lives from the first with the wisdom which we have at the latter end! Paul saw essentials as he penned his last words to his beloved Timothy. And here we find him stressing, with all the eloquence and force at his command, the place and power of preaching. "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and teaching."

That is better than a socialized scheme of government. The need of the times is not so much for increased government regulation as it is for a new grip on the ancient verities of the gospel. Society needs preaching more than it needs lawmaking. The pulpit has a larger part to play than the legislature, in stilling the present unrest. The world sorely needs to come under the dominion of the teaching of Christ. More of the old-fashioned gospel of man's responsibility, first to God and then to his neighbor, is what will set these times right. The true preacher, God's sent man, has the answer to all our questionings in his keeping.

The Time of Itching Ears.

If a present-day ministers' meeting were to have an address from the Apostle Paul, he would perhaps talk to them somewhat in this strain, being fond of colloquialisms: "Brethren, don't forget that you are preachers. God called you to preach. That is your business; attending afternoon teas, gossiping around book rooms on Monday morning, pulling wires for election to the next conference, or to a better church, cultivating the reporters for the sake of newspaper puffery, editorializing in your pulpits upon the day's sensations—all this is aside from the mark. Preach the gospel. If you haven't a gospel to preach, scrape acquaintance with your own manhood and quit the ministry or else get a message. Don't be a phonograph or a manikin. Preach patiently, pleadingly, fearlessly, personally. Make your own chances to deliver the evangel. That is what the world needs, more than it needs anything else. I solemnly charge you, by your vows, and as you will one day answer to God, preach His pure word."

Most enthusiasts are carried away by their own interest; they think all things are coming their way. When an evangelist stirs up a little excitement, he is sure that a great revival is about to sweep over the world. Not so Paul. He saw straight. He warned Timothy that the time was coming—it is always coming, and it is always here—when men would not endure sound doctrine. In one of his word pictures, he describes them as having itching ears; and he intimated, what contemporaneous records would seem to prove, that itching ears are related to evil desires. This restless seeking after "new truth" and strange gods is a perilous trait of our times. There are probably more cults and isms in the new Athens of the west than Paul found in the old Athens. The spice of variety is craved by the jaded taste of the day. Everywhere and anywhere men are going in pursuit of rest and peace. Whereas their need is for the simple truth preached of Paul. The greatest want of the twentieth century is for a better presentation and acceptance of the Gospel of Christ.

A Knightly Autobiography.

What Paul counselled Timothy, he had first practiced himself. This final message is intensely personal, nobly autobiographical. Nero's soldiers stood guard above the writer, as in the semi-darkness he penned this farewell. Hear his pean of triumph, "I am already being poured out as a drink-offering, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith!"

That was a sublime inheritance to leave to the son of his age. Is there a millionaire seated among his money bags, his soul answering metallically to the clink of the metal, who would not give all to be able to echo Paul's majestic words? A prisoner? Still sore from his buffetings? Lonely, hungry, cold? Deserted by some friends? Approaching the martyr's fate? Yes, but also a conquerer, one of history's great souls, of whom the world was not worthy—and quitting life with such a peaceful heart, and exultant, triumphant spirit as Nero and his nobles never possessed.

A crown, and not chains, held Paul's thought. For a long time that crown had been preparing for him—and his brow had been preparing for the crown. He knew his Deliverer. His trust grew brighter as the time grew darker. Like Dr. Charles F. Deems, who, paralyzed, yet managed to say on his deathbed, "My faith holds out!" so Paul triumphantly declares, "The Lord will deliver me from every evil work, and will save me unto his heavenly kingdom; to whom be the glory for ever and ever. Amen."

Varieties

The dog has 42 teeth.

The Belgian navy is the smallest in the world.

The London police arrest over 192 people a year.

There is a florist at Pekin, Ill., who name is John Bloompot.

There are 172 telegraph and 85 telephone offices in Korea.

Moscow has the lowest priced daily publication. It costs a farthing.

Jap children are not allowed in school until after their sixth year.

For raw cotton from the United States Canada paid $6,000,000 last year.

It was only a few days ago that arsenic ore was discovered in Virginia.

The movement of the drifting ice of the far north is about two miles a day.

Victoria, Australia, spends $475,000 a year in trying to exterminate rabbits.

The mines of Belgium yielded 11,000,000 tons of coal the first six months of the year.

There are more than a hundred firms manufacturing chocolate in the United States.

Paper from the prickly pear has already been manufactured in Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

The hull of cotton is used in China as a fertilizing purposes, farmer's pay about $2 a ton for it.

A North sea trawler has caught a mackerel 24 inches in length, weighing 4½ pounds.

Women are now allowed admission to full matriculation in all German universities except Rostock.

A New England railroad is experimenting with ball bearings for car axles to economize on lubricants.

The number of postoffices in operation in Canada during the fiscal year ending March 31, 1909, was 12,479.

A vegetable cheese is being made in experimental way in England from the caesin contained in soya beans.

Londoners live, on an average, to the age of 57 years. In most parts of England the standard is below this.

On January 1, 1909, Germany had 831,000 telephone stations; Great Britain had 656,854. France, 191,159; Sweden, 156,000.

European distributers of sponges are heavily overstocked, and a considerable drop in prices is expected before long.

St. Petersburg will establish a large ozone plant to purify the city's water supply, drawn from the germ-laden Neva.

For the first time since the German empire was founded, in 1871, the number of emigrants fell, last year, below 20,000.

Telephone rates are fixed by the state in Illinois, and interchange of service between companies in the same locality compulsory.

The coal production of France is insufficient for her needs, although in the last 10 years it has increased from 30,000,000 to 36,000,000 tons.

Columbia university boys have taken a step in the matter of reform that will meet with commendation They have barred mustaches.

A translation of the Scriptures into modern, idolmatic Spanish is being prepared for use in Porto Rico, Cuba, Mexico and South America.

The British government has organized a special department at the national physical laboratory for investigations in aerial construction and navigation.

When a division is taken in the house of commons a two-minute sandglass is turned to allow members time to enter the house. Then the doors are locked.

During the last two years the oil production has doubled in America. The production is $16,000,000 greater than the output of gold and silver in the United States.

Tantalum is a "rare metal" of slight importance, the only practical use of which it is now known to be put being in making filaments for incandescent electric lamps.

A New York woman has patented a counterfeit note detector on the principle of the old-style stereoscope, a frame to hold the note passing in front of a strong magnifying lens.

James G. Blaine used to say he was thankful he had just enough of a temper to show him by the errors it made him to commit in little things how fatal it would be to give way to it in big things.

Five daughters have been born at one time to the wife of a peasant named Gaira, near Serres, in Macedonia. They were distinguished at the christening by ribbons of different colors tied round their necks.

The ragpickers of Paris are born to their work, the occupation being passed from father to son for generations. Each ragpicker family has its own district which is inherited by the children and grandchildren.

"Why is it," asks a writer in Fliegende Blaetter, "that when a man discovers that he is a 'genius' he allows his hair to grow long, and that when a woman becomes similarly conscious she has her hair cut short?"

Sir Shirley Murphy, the chief medical officer of the London county council, has just issued a report in which he says that an outbreak of 400 cases of scarlet fever has been traced, beyond question, to the milk of one dairy.

The women of Allingtown, Conn., have organized for the protection of their village from fire. They are to hold a country fair, the proceeds of which will be used to buy apparatus. They will also form a woman's brigade of the fire department.

The editor was dying says an exchange, but when the doctor bent over, placing his ear on his breast, and said, "Poor man, circulation almost gone," the dying editor sat up and shouted: "Its not so; we have the largest circulation in the country."

It is stated in a consular report that provincial Persia is practically uncivilized, and that even the greater nobility have no special bedrooms, while all sleep on mattresses on the ground. Beds as ornaments, pur

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2763—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with one-piece plain sleeves or regulation short sleeves. Heavy linen, taffetas, voile or satin would make up charmingly in this waist. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2744—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist. Heavy linen or madras make up well in this every day model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2630—Child's Dress, with body and sleeves in one, high or low neck and sleeves in full length or short, flowing style. Pale pink albatross was used for this neat little frock. 5 sizes—½ to 7 years.

2745—Girls' Dress, closing with buttons on shoulders and having a separate guimpe. A neat school dress for serge in any desired shade. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2946—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt. A very neat model for serge, Panama cloth, mohair, cheviot or broadcloth. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

3085—Misses' Eight-Gored Skirt. Black voile was used in this model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2462—Girls' and Childs' Night Gown, with high or Dutch neck and Long or Short sleeves. Any of the sheer white materials or flannel are adaptable to this style. 8 sizes—2 to 16 years.

2615—Child's Eating Apron and Bib. White linen or any of the checked or striped ginghams are adaptable to this style. 3 sizes—1 to 3 years.

2720—Ladies' Apron and Oversleeves. Cambric, linen or any of the sheer white materials will develop well in this style. One size.

3097—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress. Pale lavendar colleene was used for this pretty model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2648—Misses' Shirt Waist, with high or low neck and with or without Mikado bands. The model here illustrated was developed in plaid taffetas. Four sizes, 14 to 17 years.

3093—Ladies' Shirt Waist. A neat every-day model developed in linen, madras or flannel. Seven sizes, 32 to 44.

2270—Child's Tucked French Dress, with yoke. Albatross in any pretty shade develops prettily in this style. Four sizes, 2 to 5 years.

3100—Girls' and Child's One-Piece Envelope Apron, closing with buttons at each side. Cambric, Persian or Victoria lawn, nainsook, or batiste are all used for aprons of this style. Five sizes, 3 to 11 years.

2586—Ladies' Five-Gored Plaited Skirt. A good model for serge, Panama cloth, cheviot or broadcloth. Six sizes, 22 to 32.

2791—Misses' Seven-Gored Skirt, closing with buttons at each side. A very neat model for the young girl, developed in any of the plain or mixed suitings. Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

3105—Girl Dolls' Dress Apron and Bonnet. A pretty little outfit for any desired material. Six sizes for dolls, 14 to 24 inches high (measuring from crown to sole.)

2453—Child's Petticoat and Drawers. The drawers with seams only at outside of leg. Canton flannel, cambric, nainsook or flannel may be used for these garments. Three sizes, 1 to 3 years

3107—Misses' Coat. The model here illustrated was developed in tan broadcloth, with collar and cuffs of black moire. Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

3118—Ladies' Evening Dress. An excellent model for pale yellow liberty satin with trimming bands of gold. Six sizes, 32 to 42.

SALOON KEEPER PAYS $1.50 A GALLON FOR WHISKEY

Why Should You Pay More When We'll Sell It to You at the Same Price?

We have been distillers and wholesalers for many years and have accumulated a large stock of whiskies. Many of our best customers have been forced into closing by stringent saloon and local option laws, and we are forced to sell to the consumer direct. We want 100,000 consumer customers. We propose to sell cheaper than we did to the saloon keeper. We have cut off expensive traveling salesmen—we give no credit—take no chances. The whiskey we sold to the saloon keeper at $1.75 on credit, We can offer you at $1.50 for cash. This is the first time you ever had the opportunity to purchase fine whiskey of a reliable distiller for less than the saloon keeper has to pay.

2 FULL GALLONS Fine, High-Grade Whiskey, in 2 Glass Jugs, Same amount as is contained in 8 full quart bottles, or same amount as is contained in 16 full 16-ounce pint flasks, for only $4.00 **$2.97**

MONEY BACK WITHOUT A QUESTION IF NOT SATISFACTORY

Our Proposition: Send us $2.97 and we will send you, same day your order is received, in an unrecognizable package, 2 full gallons of fine, pure whiskey, rich and mellow. Try it and test it in any way you wish and if you do not find it to be the best whiskey you ever purchased at twice the price, send it back and we will return your money. Send P. O. Order, Express Money Order or Bank Draft. Do not send private checks. We cannot afford to pay exchange at the price we sell our goods at.

This is an unheard-of low price, but go to your saloon dealer and ask him what he pays per gallon for whiskey by the barrel in large quantities, for which he charges you 10 or 15 cents a drink, and if he tells you the truth you will find he pays from $1.40 to $1.50 a gallon. By this special offer you are enabled to buy in 2-gallon lots at the same price that your dealer pays in large quantities by the barrel. Why pay more? We quote in larger quantities:

5 Gallon Keg . . . $7.25 | 25 Gallon Half Barrel $33.50
10 Gallon Keg . . . 13.91 | 50 Gallon Barrel 64.50

REFERENCES: National Bank of the Republic, National Bank of Commerce, Commerce Trust Co.,—all of Kansas City, Mo., and all Express companies.

CALMAN DISTILLING CO. For purposes of privacy, address your letters and have all remittances made to M. CALMAN, President, 34 Calman Ave. KANSAS CITY, MO.

GOOD WHISKEY, 45¢ Per Quart.

$16.00 WORTH OF HONEST WHISKEY FOR ONLY $9.00

WE PROPOSE GIVING YOU $7 in exchange for nothing but your good will and friendship. If we can afford to do this, you can afford to accept same. The offer we make is for immediate acceptance—not during the next month—nor at any time beyond our limit—but NOW—soon the very day you read this—however, to be definite, you can take advantage of our proposition, provided the post-mark on your letter shows it was mailed on or before December 22, 1909. If same should be post-marked on a later date, the letter with contents will be returned—and if any person can show, in any one instance, any deviation from the above, we will pay $100 to the informer. Please remember this advertisement will never appear again in any paper.

Above we reproduce 20 bottles of our high-class O. F. C. "Mountain Dew" Whiskey, worth 80c per quart, or $16 for the full lot. If you will write your letter and mail it on or before date named above, and enclose in same $9, together with the $7 coupon appearing in lower left hand corner of this ad., we will ship you the whole lot of 20 bottles of Old N. C. "Mountain Dew." This is a chance for you to receive $7 from us free of charge—and as long as you live no concern anywhere will ever offer pure and wholesome Whiskey at 45c per quart. In fact, we are selling 1,000 quarts of this brand each week at 80c each. We wish to add 10,000 new customers to our list so as to get their future orders, and are glad to give a rebate of $7 to get in a sample lot early in the season. This Whiskey will satisfy any man if he can be satisfied. It stands entirely alone for quality, and will win its way with the man who wants honest hand-made whiskey. If it does not satisfy, we will buy it back. We ship full quarts; not short quarts, nor 16-ounce pint bottles.

Explanation! All of this "Mountain Dew" was distilled in North Carolina and when that state went dry we shipped the same to Jacksonville—many car loads. It's now stored in our wholesale department and getting older every day. The distillery is turning out "Mountain Dew," but none of this will be sent to our customers until fully aged in United States Bonded Warehouses.

We have plenty of the original, genuine old "Mountain Dew" to supply each customer 20 full quarts who orders before December 22.

1038 THIS COUPON GOOD FOR **SEVEN DOLLARS** on 20 quarts of "Mountain Dew" Whiskey at 80c per bottle when cut out and returned to Sou. Dis. Co., Jacksonville, Fla., accompanied by $9 in cash, stamps, money order or New York check. DON'T SEND LOCAL CHECKS.

Address Your Letters Plainly to

Southern Distributing Co.

Jacksonville, Florida

JST STOLE $4,000 A WEEK

ernment Piles Up Evidence i.. the Sugar Cases.

ew York, Dec. 2.—On top of the of detailed evidence already pre- in an effort to convict six er employes of the American r Refining company of under- ling frauds, the government to- offered further testimony of al- d crooked work on the Williams- sugar docks.

the best the case is expected to two weeks to try, but Judge Mar- is evidencing every disposition to y the proceedings as much as pos- The court today announced longer sessions would be held. om showing the extent of the de- ding process, which one witness ated to have proceeded at the of nearly $4,000 a week, the ecution today worked further into personalities of the case in its at- tempt to establish direct connection between the manipulation of the cheating scales and the men on trial.

FIFTEEN MILLIONS IN AUTOS

That Amount Invested in Michigan Plants in Ten Months.

Lansing, Mich., Nov. 19.—Figures compiled by the secretary of state show that the automobile industry has made wonderful strides in Michigan during the past 10 months, statistics showing that from January 1 to November 15, inclusive, 34 automobile companies, representing a capital of $15,423,000, have filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state.

The capital stock of the companies range from $5,000 to $10,000,000. The Packard company, Detroit, incorporated for $10,000,000, was the largest concern to file articles this year. In addition to the companies organized for the manufacture of automobiles, there were 54 companies which were organized to manufacture automobile parts. The total capitalizatnon of these concerns is $1,680,000.

SUGAR TRUST EVIDENCE GONE

Documents and Many Witnesses Have Disappeared.

New York, Dec. 3.—The government has encountered a check in its prosecution of the American Sugar Refining company, when it developed that documentary evidence and many witnesses important to the government's case have disappeared. The missing documents were records kept by city weighers, and neither the documents nor the men who kept them can be found by the government.

But, although tally sheets were missing, the government was able to introduce testimony showing that every scale on the Williamsburg docks of the company had been tampered with.

Conrad Holler, a carpenter, testified to cutting out a portion of the wooden stanchion of No. 1 scales. Through the hole thus cut, the government contends, was operated the steel spring which manipulated the weights recorded on the beam.

Family Cough Syrup

Cures Any Cough in Five Hours. NEW PRESCRIPTION HERE.

Here is given the most effective cough prescription known to the medical world. It is a mild laxative, too, and this is what a body needs when suffering with cough and cold on the lungs. A cough or cold indicates poisons in the system, causing inflammation and congestion. Nearly all cough syrups relieve, but make the trouble worse by their constipating effects. This prescription not only relieves quickly, but it cures any cough that is curable. Get one-half ounce fluid wild cherry bark, one ounce compound essence cardiol and three ounces syrup white pine compound. Mix in a bottle. Take for acute cough or bronchitis twenty drops every half hour for four hours. Then one-half to one teaspoonful three or four times daily. Give children less according to age. A few hours' treatment will cure and heal the throat and lungs of all but consumptives. Cut this out and give it to some friend who may need it to be saved from an early death by consumption.

MUST SHOW FITNESS

Diplomats Are Put Under Civil Service.

Washington, Dec. 6.—To improve the personnel and efficiency of the diplomatic service and to encourage secretaries to legations to qualify for promotion to the rank of ministers, President Taft has approved a plan suggested by Secretary Knox and published it as an executive order.

The new project provides for a board of examiners to pass upon all applicants for appointments as secretaries and prescribes the standard to be maintained. Secretary Knox, in a letter submitting his plan to the president, points out the remarkable growth of the political and commercial foreign relations of the United States and the increasing difficulty of the problems to be dealt with.

Records of efficiency of all the under secretaries will be preserved in the state departmen and appointments outside the department to secretaryships will be made only to the class of third secretary of embassy; or, in case of higher vacancies, of second secretary of legation; or of secretary of legation at posts which have assigned to them only one secretary. Vacancies in secretaryships of the higher classes will be filled by promotion from the lower grades, and efficiency and ability demonstrated in the service will be the tests of advancement.

All the secretaryships in the future will be graded according to the importance or difficulty or other aspects of the work done at each mission, and these classifications will be mare known to the service so that every man may know just where he stands.

The examining board, to consist of the assistant secretary of state, the solicitor for the department of state, the chief of the diplomatic bureau and the chief examiner of the civil service commission, will determine the fitness of candidates designated by the president for examination.

The examinations will be held in Washington and will be both oral and written. Knowledge of these subjects will determine the fitness of the candidate; international law, diplomatic usage, at least one modern language other than English—either French, German or Spanish— the natural commercial and industrial resources of the United States, American history, government and institutions, and the modern history of Europe, beginning at 1850, as well as the Latin-American countries and the far east. In the oral examination candidates must demonstrate alertness, general contemporary information, natural fitness for the service, address, command of English and general education. A physical examination will be supplemental.

Candidates must be between the ages of twenty-one and fifty years. From the successful candidates an appointive list will be prepared and from this the candidates will be chosen. The department will aim to apportion representation fairly among the states and territories.

AIDS RED CROSS WORK

Taft Names an Endowment Committee.

Washington, Dec. 3.—For the purpose of providing an organization capable of administering properly the funds received by the American Red Cross society for relief work, President Taft has named an endowment fund committee with Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh and his assistant, Charles D. Norton, who is treasurer of the Red Cross, as chairman and vice chairman, respectively.

A New York subcommittee, consisting of the following men, also has been appointed: Robert Bacon, Charles Hallman Keep, Lloyd C. Griscom, H. P. Davidson and Felix Warburg.

In making the appointments President Taft has addressed a letter, in part as follows, to each member of the committee:

"The time has come when the American Red Cross should be placed on a permanent and efficient basis by an endowment fund whose income will enable it to be prepared at all times to carry out the purposes for which it has been created. It is the authorized official organization of the United States for volunteer aid in time of war or great disaster.

"The funds for relief work received by the American Red Cross within the last five years amount to nearly $5,000,000, and prove the confidence the public places in the society. Public confidence is most important, but it is of equal importance that the society should be able to maintain an organization which is capable of administering such large funds to the greatest advantage."

GIVES SAILOR SECOND MEDAL

Taft Pins Badge of Heroism on Water Tender.

Washington, Dec. 3.—When President Taft yesterday pinned a second medal of honor on Water Tender John King, of the navy, alongside the medal King already possessed, the members of the cabinet were ready to vote the big sailor one of the bravest men now serving his country.

The medal was conferred on King for "extraordinary heroism" on the occasion of an accident to one of the boilers on the Salem, Sept. 13, 1909. King entered a fire room filled with flames, hot gas and steam and turned open the valves to admit water to the boilers, thus preventing a more serious accident. Then he carried a sailor overcome by the gas to safety.

The first medal was awarded for heroism displayed during an accident on the Vicksburg.

PROVIDES FITTING EMBASSY

France Will Spend $1,000,000 on New Building.

Washington, Nov. 24.—Representatives of France at the American capital will soon be housed in a magnificent new embassay costing $1,000,000. Approval of the architect's plans for the building has been announced, and it now remains for the contract to be let and the work begun.

An excellent location was secured by the French government some time ago. Spacious grounds at the crest of an elevation in the northwest section of the city, will be the site. Ample space will be afforded lanscape experts for beautiful decorative effects.

WANTS TO STOP GRABS

Chief Geologist Says Government Should Take Care of Oil Fields.

Washington, Dec. 1.—In competition with the recent action of the administration in withdrawing from entry 3,000,000 acres of public petroleum lands in California, Wyoming, Utah and Oregon, the following statement is given out by Dr. C. W. Hayes, chief geologist of the United States geological survey

To remedy the present unsatisfactory conditions by which public oil lands have to be entered under a law framed primarily to provide for placed gold mining entries, it is generally admitted by those interested in the economical development of oil lands that a radical provision of the American mining law is necessary. Anticipating that congress will recognize and meet this evident need, the secretary of the interior has withdrawn from all forms of entry all vacant public lands designated by the geological survey as probably containing oil and gas. This executive action is, however, only temporary, and is intended to preserve the status quo until congress acts.

When the present placer mining law was enacted probably no one in congress or out had any idea that it would ever be made to cover mineral deposits so far removed in every essential characteristic from gold-bearing gravels as are oil and gas. Yet when oil was found on the public lands no other law was on the statute books except the placer law under which title to it could be acquired, and this anomalous and wholly unsatisfactory condition still holds, to the great detriment both of the government and of the oil industry.

Discovery Basis of Claims.

The fundamental basis of a location under the placer law is discovery, and the courts have held uniformly that there can be no legal location until there has been a discovery. But in the nature of the case there can be no discovery of oil until a well has been drilled at great expense, since ordinarily there are no surface indications of the oil and the well must be drilled upon purely geological inference. It follows, therefore, that the driller will be wholly unprotected against rival claimants to the land until he has completed his first well or he will be forced to make a false claim to discovery on which to base his location.

One very common method of evading the law is to locate oil under the guise of a gypsum claim. In many of the California oil lands fields the surface soil contains a small amount of gypsum, although rarely in sufficient quantity of purity to be profitably mined, even if favorably located for transportation and market. It affords a pretext, however, for a location under the placer law, and large numbers of claims have been patented where it is a matter of common knowledge that the real object is to acquire title to the oil. In this way land worth thousands of dollars an acre has been acquired from the government for $2.50 an acre, and this without oil development. Moreover, it is not generally the man of small means, but rather the wealthy corporation that resorts to this subterfuge to secure title.

Thorough Revision Needed.

Although many of the oil fields in the public land states, and particularly those in California, are in regions wholly devoid of agricultural possibilities, no sooner is a successful well drilled than the entire district is covered by homestead and scrip entries, the purpose of which is to secure title to the oil under cover of the agricultural land laws. It is to meet these conditions that a thorough revision of the law is needed.

Any law which will adequately meet the requirements of the case must recognize the fundamental difference between oil and gas and other minerals, namely mobility. These elusive products can be drawn from a distance underground across boundary lines, and exclusive title to the product is acquired only after it reaches the surface. It follows, therefore, that oil can be disposed of by the government or other owner of the land in which it occurs only as a commodity and not in term of acres like coal or other minerals occupying fixed locations. This difference is so well recognized that it has determined the leasing system which is practically universal in all the oil fields where the land is in private ownership. The government cannot do better than to adopt the plan which has been worked through long experience, and, where the holdings are sufficiently large, found thoroughly satisfactory, both to the oil operator and the private land owner. Why should not the government, as a land owner, deal directly with the producer rather than through the intervention of a middleman to whom title to the land has passed?

Any ideal or practical law must further recognize the fact that the actual discovery involves heavy expenditure and considerable time, and that the prospector must be adequately protected in his investment before as well as after the discovery is made. The area to which he is given a preferred right must therefore be sufficiently large to justify his initial heavy investment and in such compact shape as to protect his discovery from encroachment by drilling on subsequent entries.

Much Criminal Waste.

A well considered leasing law will give certain invidental advantages of great importance both to the government and to the oil operator. It will constitute the most effective means for the conservation of the oil and gas resources of the country by enabling the government to regulate developments so as to prevent much of the criminal waste now prevalent.

Under the present system the owner of a 20 acre placer claim is compelled to drill and pump the oil with all possible speed, regardless of transportation facilities or market, for otherwise his competitors on adjoining claims will take a large share of it away from him. In the resulting feverish exploitation half a dozen or more wells may be drilled when one would have secured the same amount of oil—a serious economic waste to the nation and a heavy tax on the ultimate consumer. Also, unrestricted drilling by careless or ignorant operators may ruin a valuable field by admitting water to the oil sand from higher or lower water-bearing stratum. Many examples of criminal waste resulting from the unrestricted exploitation of oil fields might be cited.

The government is not only the largest owner of oil lands, but it is likely to be the largest consumer. The six largest battleships in commission or under construction in the American navy are equipped for the use of either oil or coal, and the 14 largest destroyers use oil exclusively. The question of fuel supply for these vessels is certain to become an exceedingly important one in the near future, and the law should provide a means of perpetuating a supply for this certain future need.

The fact is gaining recognition that the natural resources remaining in the possession of the government are the heritage of the whole people, and the idea that they should be occasionally utilized for the general good rather than exploited for the enrichment of a few individuals is rapidly crystalizing into public opinion. The enactment by congress of a law providing for the leasing of oil lands will be a logical and much needed action in the government's management of its great petroleum property.

Last Chance for Free Homesteads.

Yes, a few elegant free homesteads can still be had in Mexico, where many Americans are now locating. You do not even have to go to Mexico, but are required to have five acres of fruit trees planted within five years. For information printed in English regarding Mexican homesteads, address The Jantha Plantation Company, Block 526, Pittsburgh Pa. You can have your trees planted and your land worked on shares, so as to bring you a thousand dollars a year. The health conditions are perfect and the climate grand.

DONNELLY MUST EXPLAIN

Public Printer Called on to Support Charges.

Washington, Nov. 29.—The civil service commission has summoned Public Printer Donnelly to appear before it on December 15 to show cause why he placed a charge of insubordination against John W. Rogers, an employe of the government printing office, who, although told by his foreman that he could not be spared, took leave with pay which was due him, he alleges, and absented himself from his work for three days in November last, to go home and vote.

On his return to work he was notified he was discharged, and that a charge of "insubordination" had been filed with the civil service commission as reason for such discharge. Later, on an appeal to report to Bingham, of whom he was a constituent, Mr. Rogers was reinstated, but the charge of insubordination was not withdrawn. Mr. Bingham maintained, it is said, that Rogers had a legal right to absent himself.

BALLINGER AIDS SETTLERS

Gives Them More Time to Pay for Water.

Washington, Nov. 24.—Of great interest to water users from government reclamation projects was the announcement today by Secretary Ballinger of the interior department of the privilege of deferring until April 1 next the making of payments on that account which in most cases ordinary fall due December 1.

The settlers expressed the belief that the extra time available would enable them to dispose of their products at a much better price than if forced to sell in season to make their payments by December 1 and at the same time render it much easier for them to meet their obligations to the government.

Today's ruling applies to the forthcoming irrigation season only and does not commit the department to any permanent policy in that direction.

TO REVIEW ENTIRE CASE

Supreme Court Grants Appeal of Labor Leaders.

Washington, Dec. 6.—The supreme court of the United States today granted the petition for a writ of certiorari in the contempt cases of Samuel Gompers, Frank Morrison and John Mitchell, officers of the American Federation of Labor. The effect of the decision will bring the entire record in the Bucks Stove & Range case against these men to the supreme court for review.

MORSE LOSES LAST HOPE

Washington, Dec. 6.—The supreme court of the United States today denied the petition of Charles W. Morse, the New York banker, for a writ of certiorari. The result of the decision is to leave in effect against Morse the sentence of 15 years' imprisonment.

PILES

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Don't expose yourself to needless suffering or danger—send in our coupon today and get On Free Trial Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Cure which has met with such phenomenal success in all kinds of rectal cases—Piles, Ulcers, Fissure, Tumors, etc. It is curing the most distressing cases, even after 20 to 40 years, and after medicines and operations had failed, proving that the 3-fold idea is the correct one. One part heals, one part feeds and nourishes the membrane, and the third taken internally, is constitutional, removing the cause, without which no cure is permanent. Cut out and send the coupon now. Return mail will bring the full $1.00 treatment. Then, after you have carefully tried it, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, tell us so and it costs you nothing. You decide and we take your word. Send no money—just this coupon.

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Mail this coupon today to Dr. Van Vleck Co., W.B.50 Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Return post will bring the $1 Package on Trial.

RESULTS OF FOOD

Health and Natural Conditions Come From Right Feeding.

Man, physically, should be like a perfectly regulated machine, each part working easily in its appropriate place. A slight derangement causes undue friction and wear, and frequently ruins the entire system.

A well-known educator of Boston found a way to keep the brain and the boy in that harmonious co-operation which makes a joy of living.

"Two years ago," she writes, "being in a condition of nervous exhaustion, I resigned my position as teacher, which I had held for over 40 years. Since then the entire rest has, of course, been a benefit, but the use of Grape-Nuts has removed one great cause of illness in the past, namely, constipation, and its attendant evils.

"I generally make my entire breakfast on a raw egg beaten into four spoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, with a little hot milk or hot water added. I like it extremely, my food assimilates, and my bowels take care of themselves. I find my brain power and physical endurance much greater and I know that the use of the Grape-Nuts has contributed largely to this result.

"It is with feelings of gratitude that I write this testimonial, and trust it may be the means of aiding others in their search for health."

Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

BATTLE FOR LAFOLLETTE

Senator Clapp, of Minnesota, Opens Campaign at Milwaukee.

Milwaukee, Dec. 3.—"Did or did not congress regard the rights of the consumer when it framed the latest tariff bill?"

That was the question Senator Moses Clapp of Minnesota asked, and answered negatively, when he spoke here last night as the premier orator in Senator La Follett's campaign for a return to the United States senate.

There were 1,000 persons in West Side Turner Hall when Mr. Clapp began his speech, and the name of Wisconsin's senior senator was frequently applauded. Senator Clapp avoided direct reference to Speaker Cannon, Senator Aldrich or others generally regarded as antagonists of "the progressives," and concluded by declaring that Senator La Follett would not be "wiped off the map," despite all the efforts of his foes.

"Party solidarity," he said, "is a desirable thing, but it amounts to nothing unless coupled with vitality, and no party can permanently maintain solidarity and vitality without a third factor, and that must be party integrity. So-called 'progressives' stand for solidarity only when solidarity is coupled with vitality founded upon integrity.

Competition and Combination

"The Republican party was founded on the basic principle that where men voluntarily associate themselves, so-called leaders, instead of dictating to the many should reflect the purpose and policy of the many.

"Following the passage of the Dingley law in 1897 there came a wonderful revival in our industrial and commercial life. Accompanying that revival there grew up a condition where competition was largely supplanted by combination.

"This was not a discovery made by th progressives, but was foreseen by such men as Garfield and Sherman.

"The American people, observing the process by which competition was being eliminated, have battled for the last seven years for the independence of the American market place. The struggle has resulted in legislation and administration policies.

"Last winter a great many people felt that it would be well to abate somewhat these activities. But those who had sought to dominate the American market were not satisfied with this, and determined to go further and still more strengthen this domination. They seized upon the tariff revision as a means of doing so.

"The recent tariff struggle was in no sense a struggle between protection and free trade, but degenerated into a struggle between monopoly on the one hand and the true friends of protection on the other. As an illustration of this, the men who forced the tariff bill through congress threw protection to the winds whenever it served their purpose.

"Juggling With Figures."

"The real issue of today before the American people, so far as the tariff is concerned, is to protect from foreign competition American industry where American industry needs protection and at the same time to protect the American consumer from the unjust exactions of domestic competition."

The senator criticised the "juggling with figures" which, he said, had been done to make it appear that the revision was a downward revision. He cited instances to support his claim that the real question was the bearing which reductions or additions had on the problem as he had stated it.

"As bearing upon the main issue," he said, "I refer you to the retention of the coupon feature in the tobacco trade, which the senate struck out, but which was put back in conference, which could only have been to strengthen the competition."

He then took up the corporation tax and declared it was an income tax ully disguised and unjustly framed, taxing the precarious income and exempting the permanent income.

He referred to Senator La Follette and pointed out what La Follette had accomplished in the state of Wisconsin, and predicted the senator's re-election.

LEPER AGAIN LOCKED UP

Mingles With Crowds in Streets of National Capital.

Washington, Dec. 3.—John R. Early, the "leper" who threw scientists of two continents into a dispute, ventured to show himself in Washington again today and was promptly clapped into quarantine.

Early made no effort to escape arrest. In fact, he admitted he came to Washington prepared to attempt to make things lively for the District authorities if they locked him up. When the health department got out a warrant for his arrest, charging him with being a person with a contagious disease who was exposing himself, he arranged with a newspaper man to go to a police station and be locked up.

Early arrived in Washington last night and went to the Salvation Army hotel, where he registered in a bold hand. This morning he started out to let the health department know he was in town.

The night watchman at the quarantine station where Early spent the first few months of his isolation here rubbed his eyes in amazement when he saw the "leper" dressed like a prosperous business man. Early greeted him pleasantly, chatted awhile and went up town to the municipal building.

Makes Police Captain Shiver.

There he met many who did not recognize him as the famous patient who made the trip from Washington to New York in a box car. He strolled around town until 3 o'clock, when a newspaper man told him a health officer with a warrant was on the trail. Then he went to a police station and waited. Dr. W. C. Fowler, the chief of the bureau of contagious diseases, met Early there and the police captain read the warrant to the "leper."

Early, with rosy cheeks showing not a scar nor a blemish, held out his hand to Dr. Fowler.

"How are you, Mr. Early?" said the doctor pleasantly, and the two shook hands. The police captain shivered.

"Well, let's get to the business," said the doctor. "I've got to lock you up, and if you wish it we will arrange to have you examined by the best experts. If they find you are not now suffering from leprosy we will let you go."

"I'd rather wait until I hear from my counsel," Early replied. "I expect they will be here tomorrow."

Dr. Fowler ordered Early's removal to the quarantine station and today the little six-room house which Early occupied before will be opened to him.

Now Living With Family.

Early said he has been living quietly with his wife and children on his farm at Manchester, Va. He has some back pension coming to him from the war department and while he said he came to Washington to see about getting the money he intimated that he came prepared to fight the authorities if they attempted to restrict his movements about the city.

Dr. W. C. Woodford, the health commissioner, said tonight he would be greatly relieved if Early would get out of town and go to some place where the authorities were willing to have him.

SALT RHEUM 4 YEARS

Began Like a Ringworm on Hand—Washing Irritated It and It Spread Over Arm and Face.

WHOLLY CURED BY CUTICURA

"A little over six years ago I had a sore come on my hand. A doctor told me it was a ringworm. It kept on getting worse so I went to another doctor. He called it salt rheum. I kept on taking his treatment for some time, but every washday my hand would break out and be worse. It continued to spread till it got over my whole hand and up my arm, also on my face. I suffered with the disease about four years when a friend told me to try Cuticura. I got two cakes of Cuticura Soap, one box of Cuticura Ointment and two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent. When I had used them up, I was cured and I haven't seen the least sign of it since. Mrs. Linda Winslow, Wyalusing, Penn., July 13, '08."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

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Book containing 250 jokes and Riddles; 73 toasts; 12 tricks with cards; 40 amusing experiments in magic; 16 parlor magics; 11 parlor pastimes; 8 fortune telling secrets; 10 funny readings; $3 money-making secrets.

Catalog of music and entertaining books, all for 10c postpaid. Walter D. Lee, Books and Music, 513 Englewood ave., Chicago.

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DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 59, Kansas City, Mo.

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Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

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WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims. Address, (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

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LADIES Our new "Protector" is safe and sure. Price $1.50. Every woman wants one. Made of silk rubber. Fairbank Supply House, M-M 60 Wabash, Chicago.

LAND OF MANATEE—Situated on the west coast of Florida, near the gulf, is the "Land of Manatee." Here fruit and vegetables are raised the whole year One acre often yields as much as $1,000 net. Vegetables and fruits are raised here in the winter months and shipped at highest prices to the northern markets. Buy a farm in Manatee county and grow independent; a small farm will prove an excellent investment. Climate the very best, abundant rain, good roads, convenient markets, fine schools. Write at once for booklet and full information. "Fruit and Vegetable Growing in the Land of Manatee," by a western man upon request. J. W. White, Gen. Indust. Agt., S. A. L. Railway, Norfolk, Virginia.

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FREE—Fortune told from childhood up; past, present, future; cause of failure, key to success. Three 2c stamps; birthdate; can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 Second st., Kewanee, Ill.

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A POSITION of $25 a week is assured if you learn to write advertisements. Send for free prospectus. Page-Davis Co., 22 Page Building, Chicago.

CIGAR salesman wanted in your locality to represent us. Experience unnecessary; $110 per month and expenses. Write for particulars. Monarch Cigar Co., Sales Dept., St. Louis, Mo.

EVERY WOMAN GLAD who sends 2c stamp for our new catalog. Indispensable family articles, toilet necessities, drugs. Webster Rubber Specialty Co., D85, Chicago.

MARRY WEALTHY—3,800 ladies and gentlemen, all ages, worth $1,000

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

HOME FOLKS AND HOME

Elizabeth Ayres.

WE SOMETIMES hear the remark, "I've grown away from home," and it is spoken in a sad, injured sort of way, as if someone else were to blame because of the "growing away."

It is those who are left behind who do the most missing and the least changing. It is those who leave home and go into a world of different aspect and interests who change, and sometimes allow the "folks at home," to become dimmed pictures of memory.

It may be that you think you have grown away from the old home, but you may rest assured that the home folks have not grown away from you, and they will think of you more than ever when the holidays arrive.

"'Tis the season for kindling the fire of hospitality in the hall," and 'tis the season for renewing the love for home in the heart.

The crowded trains during the holidays show there are many who go "back home," but there are also many who content themselves with sending presents. Of course these are welcome, but they are doubly prized if you carry them in person. There is none sadder than the homeless ones, so if you are fortunate enough to have in your life a place you call "back home," or "down home," go there when you can and blot out the thought, "I've grown away from home."

Holman F. Day, the man who writes of "Folks up in Maine," describes in one of his stories, the Christmas homecoming of "the boys who have done well in town." The "boys" were men with families and responsibilities of their own, but "back home," they were boys again.

It was a "hard as iron," Christmas eve described in the story, with "a sky gray as a new slate and a raw, screetch-scratch wind that set the grit flying and the dead leaves swirling."

This was the scene while "the boys" were driving home from the station, and then, breaking the darkness of the night, "doors of houses flew open like mouths bursting into a laugh." There were glimpses of "open fires, dancing jigs, supper tables waiting, twinkling lights and smilings and loving looks."

"Oh mother, it's good to be home!" This from the "boys."

"How've you been, boys?" this by way of fatherly greeting, spoken rather gruffly to hide emotion.

"Bang went the door shut, blotting out the path of glory up which those boys had run as though they were running straight into heaven."

Isn't this a Christmassy picture? The pleasure of one akin to it may be yours if you are lucky enough to have "home folks" to go to. And if you have made the mistake of thinking, "I've grown away from home," change your mind before it is too late. Some day, you know, the old home and the home folks may be gone.

IF you should ask me as a riddle who are the women that, as a whole are of the greatest value to the world, I should tell you that in my opinion they are the "Homebodies."

The women who are shining lights as leaders of important movements, those who are gifted as writers and lecturers, those who have the power or capacity to guide others into the paths of happiness—which means right living—are great women, but taken as a whole, it is the "Homebodies who wield the strongest influence, though their individual field may be limited to home and family.

What was to me a proof of this was shown by a recent incident. Into a city boarding house, or family hotel, as it is now the fashion to call them, came a woman, who, for the most of her life had been a "Homebody." She had lived for her husband and three sons, and had brought them up wisely; her husband as well as her sons, as he usually sat in a corner and said nothing, seemingly satisfied to let his wife do the talking. He was not a "cowed" man, but he evidently had unbounded faith in his homemaker. Her three sons were grown to manhood. The eldest was married and was beginning a home of his own; another was in college, and another was in business in the city where his mother and father had come to visit him, hence their presence in the family hotel.

There were several husbands and wives in this hotel, but they were childless. The Homebody had not been in the house many days before she was the centre of attraction. She was a handsome, wholesome youthful looking woman whose conversation was always of the home-folks kind, though she knew books and the events of the world, and played a little on the piano; "just enough," she said, "to amuse the boys when they were little and to help entertain the young folks when they come to my house."

One knew intuitively, that the "young folks" were fond of going to her house.

Her principal occupation when I saw her, was crocheting an afghan for her boy at college. It could be plainly seen that the son she was visiting adored his mother. Those who lived in the hotel clustered around her when she was in the public parlor and enjoyed her homey conversation. Perhaps none could have told why, but I felt it was because she was a thorough Homebody. She was good to look at; her company was a pleasure, and she had not the least idea that she was anything or anyone out of the ordinary. It may be that she was not, but she carried the home atmosphere with her, which is an atmosphere everyone loves, though they may not realize what it is they are loving. She drew people to her, and when with her, one neither heard nor thought anything ill. Her presence was a beneficence; her influence was of the best, as it is with all Homebodies, of whom there cannot be too many, God bless 'em!

Christmas Pointers

By Elizabeth.

"He'p the po're an' needy 'at cluster round about."

If your Christmas list is a terror to you, cut it down to the point where it is a pleasure.

A Christmas list is a cold-blooded sort of a thing, anyway.

Give all you can, and give gladly, but do not give more than you can afford. Pay day is the gray morning that comes after.

The greens we use for Christmas decorations are survivals of the Druids' religious ceremonies. They were sun-worshippers. The greens mean sunshine and rejoicing. See the point?

Let the "peace on earth, good will to men," spirit waken in your heart with your awakening on Christmas morning.

It is one form of selfishness when you are miserable because you cannot give as much is you want to. If we must buy love and good opinions with gifts, neither are worth having.

"Comparisons are odious." They are never more so than when we compare what we give with what we get.

A gift from an unexpected source does not mean that you are placed under an obligation. It means a free-hearted token of love and appreciation.

It is the children to whom Christmas means the most. If you haven't any of your own, there are always some other woman's children you can help to make happy.

COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

A TRAVEL LETTER

We published in the Cozy Corner of October 28 a letter from Fern Leaf describing a part of Yellowstone Park, one of the places she visited while on her wedding journey. Lately we have received a second letter from her which continues the description. Her letter follows:

In fufillment of my promise, I will resume my description of what I saw on my wedding trip. On the morning of July 30 we broke camp, after having breakfasted on trout with which the streams and lakes abound. Park rules permit tourists to fish with hook and line only. We drove for three hours, passing, along the way, Turbid Lake, so called because it is muddy and boiling, bubbling and steaming. We continued to ascend and crossed a beautiful mountain meadow on which the elks were grazing. The grass was beautifully green, as it is watered by the mountain snows, which melt and run down upon it. The elks are not very wild and they are not frightened by being pursued. We saw some deer, also.

Late in the morning we camped on the shores of Yellowstone Lake and ate our luncheon, after which we walked along the shore and wondered how so many curious shaped pebbles could have been formed. They were in every shape imaginable and so plentiful that one can take them up by the shovelful. Again we resumed our journey and reached Hayden valley, where we camped for the night on the banks of the Yellowstone river. Next morning, after having driven a few miles, we reached Mud Geyser. Just here I want to say that all objects of interest are labeled by means of posts driven into the ground, each one bearing a short board, painted white, with the name of the place painted in blackletters.

Mud Geyser is a large pit or crater, between 20 and 30 feet wide and probably 15 feet deep. It is enclosed with a fence as a safeguard to tourists, and it is a cauldron of thin mud, boiling, hissing and tumbling with a rush and roar.

From there we drove on to the upper falls of the Yellowstone, having passed some fine scenery before we reached the point where the river plunges into the canyon. No timber grows there, but evergreen pines, firs and other evergreen trees. There are fields of blue gentian and many other wild flowers. Nothing is planted there by the hand of man. It is God's garden.

Yellowstone canyon is rightly named, as the rocks are all of a dark shade of yellow. The upper falls are the grandest, although the depth to which the water falls is only 160 feet deep. The scene is one of the most awe inspiring. The fall is sheer and the spray rises like mist from the water, which churns among the rocks, making a noise like thunder. There are stairs built down to a point commanding a good view of the falls, and seats where one may rest and enjoy this magnificent scene. None can fail to see the hand of God while beholding the dizzy heights, or while standing on the verge of the fearful depths of which the park is chiefly composed. From here we proceeded to the greater lower falls of the Yellowstone. More anon.—Fern Leaf.

ABOUT NEW MEXICO

It has been a long time since I have written to The Blade, but I want to say we think New Mexico is the finest place for a home in the whole United States, so far as we have seen. Here in our little town of Boaz there is a fine class of people who are friendly, educated, and in every way agreeable. Although this has been the dryest year for a long time in the southwest, there are some good crops here. The people are talking now of making broom corn a leading crop for next year, as it grows so well in this country. Many people have become discouraged and have left, but there will be more, and perhaps better ones to fill their places.

Our little town is 40 miles northeast of Roswell, which furnishes a good market for nearly all produce raised here. Since the 320 acre law has gone into effect some are selling land to their neighbors, and a good per cent of those who can have taken a second 160 acres, but there is still some government land open. I hope to see every acre taken inside of another year.

All crops that will grow in the southwest grow here. We had some fine mellons. The best one was 26 inches long and 28 inches in circumference.

I hope to see other letters from this section of the country. With best wishes.—Alma Squire.

THOUGHT FOR OTHERS

While looking The Blade over and reading the letters, the thought came to me that I would write a letter myself. I am the mother of 10 children, eight of whom are living. Many times I have been discouraged and depressed, but I have found the way to the throne of grace and have always found help to bear my burdens.

How thoughtful and careful we should be of others. We all have our influence and it should always be for good; we should also look for the good there is in others. If we do this our lives will be happy and peaceful, and God will bless our effort and own us as his dear children. If I am welcome I shall come again.—Nan.

The "Welcome" sign is always over our door.—Editor.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Mah goodness, people, if we are to have Christmas letters they must be sent in immediately, if not sooner. I have not called for them before because I forgot how time "do fly."—Elizabeth.

A Pilgrim—I will give you the language of flowers as soon as possible.

Can any of you good people send me the language of postage stamps? Much obliged if someone can and will.

Mrs. A. A. B.—Thank you for the Christmas idea. You will find it in the article at the top of the page.

Mrs. J. M. Chesebro—It may be that I shall do as you request. You will have to let me think it over a little. I'm a bit shy.—Elizabeth.

Many thanks for letters from Gray Eyes of W. Va., Eva Penland, Aunt Sadie, C. H. Anderson and Mrs. Mattie Covey.

If I do not publish all of your letters, if I do not answer all of your requests and inquiries, please remember what an enormous family I have to look after, and believe that I am doing the best I can.—Editor.

For my Christmas present I want from my people more subscribers for The Blade, and renewals or subscriptions before they expire. I've told you we want to make the greatest paper ever, and we are going to do it. This is my Christmas wish, but it is a present that may be extended through the year and indefinitely. Read the announcement which appears on the fourth page the last week of every month.—Elizabeth.

TWO IDEAS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

HALF THE joy of Christmas comes from the hand-wrought gift into which, with every stitch go thoughts of love or friendliness for the one who is to receive it. Home-made gifts carry with them a sentiment which attends no other, and the message they bring is "Merry Christmas and my love to you."

Things that may be made at home are innumerable, but here are directions for two inexpensive presents which may be of assistance to some one in perplexity. For the "little girl" the new full-crowned Tam-o-Shanter is very pretty, and for those who know how to crochet, it is certainly an easy thing to manufacture. The following directions for the "latest in Tams," and the picture of the "Tam," are taken from Helen Marvin's department in the December Home Companion.

The Tam-o-shanter takes about three ounces of Germantown and a medium sized crochet hook. Begin at the center of the crown with three chains joined in a ring. Into the ring work eight single crochet. Throughout the work take the single crochet up on the double thread.

Next Two Rounds—Two single crochet in each stitch.

Fourth Round—Two single crochet in first stitch, one single crochet in next. It will be seen that there are sixteen increased points in the round. Increase at each of these increased points until there are nineteen rounds in all. On the last round there will be sixteen stitches between the increasings.

Change to the fancy pattern, working as follows: Pull the loop on needle up about half an inch and pull up a loop in next stitch. Pull wool through both loops and chain one. Pull a loop through each of the next two stitches

FULL-CROWNED TAM-O'-SHANTER.

of the round, pull through three loops, chain one. Repeat throughout the round and join at the end.

For the second round take the second loop of the first cluster between the first and second clusters of preceding round. For the second cluster take up the first loop in the same space and the second loop in the next space. Continue in this way all around, then repeat the second round until there are six rounds in all.

Resume work in single crochet, in the first round making two single crochet in each space. On the following rounds narrow at thirty-two points in each round, until the size is right for the head. Make nine rounds without narrowing, for the headband, and fasten off.

Mrs. A. A. B., one of our own contributors, sends these directions for a handy box, together with the story of how the "idea" came to her. Here are both the story and the idea:

"Recently I called on an invalid who is obliged to sit all day long in a chair. During our visit she said: 'I often wish for certain things to work with, or for something to read, but I do not like to trouble anyone to wait on me so much.'

"Her remark made me think what a help it would be to her or to anyone who cannot move about easily to have a box lined with pockets to hold small, useful articles. For one like I have in mind, get a light wooden box about two feet long and one wide. Such a box could probably be obtained at the grocer's. Make a lid of the top, by adjusting it with hinges, then from some pretty cretonne or any material desired, cut two pieces to fit the bottom of the box, and the inside of the lid, and a strip long enough to reach around the sides and ends. These are for the lining. Bind small pieces of the material used with some pretty colored tape, and fasten this on the side lining for pockets, to hold spectacles, handkerchiefs, knitting, envelopes, writing paper, pencil, pins, needles, postcards, thread, or any small articles which may come in 'handy.'

"When the pockets are in place, and after the outside of the box has been covered, tack the side lining to the inside of the box. On the under side of the lid fasten strips of strong tape to hold books or magazines. When closed the box will serve as a footstool. Its contents may be contributed by each member of the family.

"This handy box idea permits many variations, which will probably be thought of by those who have ingenuity."

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can.
To all the people you can,

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear Friends of the M. G. R. Circle:—It is such a pleasant day, I thought I would call and pay my dues. Fine weather brings a cheery smile, just as an east wind blows no good.

I wonder where Ima Friend is sailing today. I have been looking for those promised letters.

Is there to be a Christmas party at the hall this year? I have been interested and not a little amused by some of the past gatherings.

Backwoodsman, you say you live in Virginia. From your description of the country I could almost believe it was here in old New York state, where June and October dress the forests in their gayest robes.

Some time ago I met a lady on one of our lake steamers. She had just returned from a visit to California, and admired our mountains. The mountains along the lake are from 1,000 to 2,320 feet high, and are very abrupt. The lake is only 330 feet above the ocean. She said they were so different from the Rockies, which were bare, or else had only a scrubby growth of verdure. This surprised me. I had read much of the Rocky Mountain region, its altitude, minerals and animals, but I had not thought of them as bare.

I should like to ask at what altitude plant life ceases to exist; if the timber growth is heavier on the western than eastern slope of the Idaho and Montana section of the mountains, and are they not more devoid of verdure in Nevada, Mexico and Colorado than farther north? Will some one please write a letter from these regions?—Justa Friend.

The lake mentioned in this letter is Lake George, of which "Justa Friend" has promised us a description. I hope some one will write to the M. G. R. regarding the section of the west of which she asks questions.

How many members were in Toledo during Wamba week? I was there one day, and only my natural shyness kept me from seeking Miss Prudence. I passed the great Blade building and saw the presses busy at work, and I thought of our department and its writers. I wore my M. G. R. pin, but saw no other. I never have seen one except my own, and have met no members of the society except our Ill Nois. She has been very ill, but is better now. I am sure she has the hearty sympathy of each M. G. R.

For the amusement of the teachers who may not have seen it, I want to tell this anecdote which I saw in a paper.

A visiting member of the school board asked a small boy what he had learned in arithmetic. The lad thought a moment, and then answered, "Guyinta."

The member exclaimed, "Guyinta?"

"Yes," said the boy, "you know, two guyinta four; four guyinta eight, and three guyinta six."

Does this not remind you of some similar mistakes in your own schools? It reminded me of some in mine.

Like the bird and bee of the poem we used to read in McGuffey's third reader, I am a moment too late for the woman's suffrage question. I was glad to note that others, less slow than I, were "doing things" to Backwoodsman's article. New England Girl is always on hand when needed. How I wanted to cheer when I read her letter. The loss of that tooth hasn't handicapped you much, has it, New England Girl?

Every little while one of us "old-timers" awakens and looks around sleepily, demanding where our old friends have gone. Surely we all take The Blade yet. Is it necessary to have another reception in order to rouse us? We are not getting old, are we? I do not need to search very carefully to discover the gray among the brown, but what are a few white hairs, more or less? Lack of material has kept me a silent member. Often, when I get an idea which seems worth while, some one else expresses it before I do, and I have to wait for another inspiration.

The holidays are approaching and we begin to feel the spirit of Christmas in the air. It is always a busy time for everyone, especially so for teachers with programs to prepare, gifts to buy or make, and our regular duties to perform. Let us try to make this a season to which our pupils may look back with pleasure. The M. G. R. band is invited to visit my school in a body the day before Christmas, and enjoy our program. (Of course you would enjoy it). Santa may come. He did last year and brought his wife and three children.

With the heartiest wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Glad New Year to each of you, I will leave.—Buckeye Schoolma'am.

Dear M. G. R.'s—I enjoy reading your sayings very much. Every one writes such helpful and interesting things.

I live in a small town and have never traveled at all, but I expect to travel all over the globe some time. I think one can have such a nice time "expecting" things, don't you?

I was graduated from the high school this year and I am going to take art lessons this winter. Some time I "expect" to be an artist.

My mother is an invalid and I take care of her and keep house for my father and small brother. Mother has been a cripple with rheumatism for nearly four years, so the last year of my high school course I worked, doing most of the housework out of school hours. With best wishes for all.—The Artist.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

You M. G. R.'s who have written on the Suffrage question and have written so well, I want you to know that while your letters may not appear in this column, simply because we cannot keep up the discussion too long, they are to be presented before the Woman's Suffrage society of Toledo. I think they will find them interesting.—Miss Prudence.

Please read the items under the head "Our Correspondents." Some of them are affairs of the M. G. R.

I am not quite sure what kind of a Christmas page we shall have, but if any of you have anything "Christmassy" to say, please write it to me, and write at once. All letters pertaining to Christmas matters must be here the week before Christmas week. Rub this into your memory if you are thinking of writing. I've been late in reminding you, because I lose sight of the passing of time.

Recent letters are from Lonely Nell, Old Man of 75, Andrews Tar Heel, Hattie from Allendale, C. Mae C., Bittersweet, Happy Low, and Da-Dee.

Bittersweet—I have sent your letter to Olive Branch.

Good day to you, for this time.—Miss Prudence.

Dead birds on hats are no aid to beauty. Charles Dudley Warner has said that "a pretty woman needs no such adornment," and that "a dead bird does not help the appearance of an ugly one."

CHRISTMAS SWEETS

Orange Cream.

Heat a half cup of orange juice and half a cup of sugar over hot water; beat yolks of two eggs, add quarter of a cupful of sugar and stir into the hot mixture, cooking until the spoon is coated with custard, then add one tablespoon of gelatine dissolved in a quarter cupful of cold water, then add one and a half cups of whipped cream.

Pineapple Pudding.

One half paper of gelatine, wet in cold water and dissolved in one pint of milk; one coffee cup of sugar; four eggs, one-half can grated pineapple, then add one pint of whipped cream after mixture commences to congeal.

Coffee Cream.

Make one pint of strong coffee, dissolve in it one-half paper of gelatine, sweeten to taste, and set to cool. When beginning to congeal add one pint of whipped cream.

Apple Meringue.

Boil tart apples after they are peeled and cored, put through a colander and sweeten. To one pint of this pulp, stir in lightly the whites of three eggs. Flavor with lemon and serve with cream.

Chestnut Cream.

Take one quart of fresh chestnuts, at point cut crosswise through shell, put them in colander over a kettle of boiling water, cover, and let steam until done. You can tell by trying one. Let cool; remove shell; crush and add a little vanilla and very little sugar. Rub through coarse sieve. Put in center of round platter, over it put stiff whipped cream completely covering it. On top of cream put bits of oranges, malaga grapes, or any fruit desired.

Fudge.

Two cups of light brown sugar, one cup of milk, one piece butter the size of egg, tablespoon grated chocolate. Let it come to a good boil, then take it off fire and beat until it stiffens. Spread chopped nuts on a greased platter and pour fudge over it. Cut in squares.

Taffy.

One-half pound of chocolate grated fine, two cups of sugar, two cups of molasses, one-half cup of milk. Piece of butter the size of an egg. Boil 20 minutes. Add vanilla extract and permit to boil up once. Pour in shallow pans, crease in squares with a buttered knife just before it is cold.

Chocolate Caramels.

Put into a granite saucepan one cup of finely broken or grated chocolate, one cup of molasses, the same amount each of rich milk and sugar and two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter. Stir over a slow fire until thoroughly mixed, then boil slowly until it cracks when dropped into ice water. Turn into greased tins and mark into squares before the mixture becomes cold.

Coffee Caramels.

To one pound of brown sugar allow one cup of strong coffee, a half cup of cream and an ounce of butter. As soon as cooked sufficiently to be brittle when dropped in cold water, pour into buttered pans and mark with a buttered knife into squares before the mixture gets quite cold.

BY EMILY S. BOUTON
The Life Joyful
Gift-book in white and gold, 50 cts. Address author:
2139 Glenwood Ave. Toledo, Ohio.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

May this day be a time of soul expansion; a wooing and a winning of that which is highest, even a purer, nobler character.

MONDAY

This day is mine. For the failures of the past I care not, nor do I mourn the losses of the days gone by. Today I am new-born.

TUESDAY

I pray that today and always I may grow in grace and loving kindness—hating no one, but feeling, speaking, acting with good will towards everyone with whom I may come in contact.

WEDNESDAY

I am only one,
But still I am one.
I cannot do everything,
But still I can do something;
And because I cannot do everything,
I will not refuse to do the something that I can do.

THURSDAY

Laugh? Yes, why not?
'Tis better than crying a lot;
We were made to be glad.
Not sad.

FRIDAY

May we be disposed, as occasion may arise, to share, for a season, the comfort and inspiration of our home with those who are homeless.

SATURDAY

Today, whatever may annoy,
The word for us is joy, just simple joy.

Getting Acquainted

The Hastings family had moved into town that very morning. The house was in great confusion, and everybody was tired; that is, everybody but Morton, he would never confess to weariness.

Supper, eaten off barrels and boxes, was over, and Ethel, Agnes and their small brother carried some chairs to the front piazza and sat down to cool off and to look about their new home.

"There's a doctor lives across the street," said Agnes.

"'Ernest F. Russell, M. D.,'" read Ethel from the sign on the piazza post of the house opposite.

"The name sounds nice," responded Agnes.

"I wonder if we shall ever know them? We shall have to wait for them to call and I dare say they won't."

"Why have we got to wait?" asked Morton.

"Because that's the way to do," his sister answered.

"Huh! that's too slow," cried Morton from astride the piazza rail. "I can get you 'quainted quicker'n that! When I see him comin' out, some day, I'll run across the street, and say: 'Hullo, Doctor Russell. We've just come here to live! My name's Morton Hastings, and—'"

"No, you won't do any such thing!" broke in Agnes, severely.

"I don't see why not," retorted Morton, rising to his feet, and beginning to walk the flat rail. "He'd take it all right. Bet you he'd laugh! You see if I don't get you 'quainted!" and he skipped recklessly along the narrow path.

"Well, look out," warned Ethel, "or you'll get your neck broken!"

"Hoh!" laughed the little athlete, "I'm not afraid!" poising himself lightly on one foot; but close upon the words came a startled "oh!" and the next instant he lay groaning on the grass.

"Don't touch my arm!" he cried, as his sisters rushed to his help.

Hearing the commotion Mr. and Mrs. Hastings appeared at the door, and Master Morton was carried inside.

"I'm afraid his arm is broken," his father said. "We must have a doctor right away."

"There's one across the street," suggested Ethel. Morton opened his eyes with a weak smile.

"Didn't I tell you I'd get you 'quainted?" he said.

It was not a bad break, and Dr. Russell and his wife proved themselves very kind and neighborly. When Morton discovered that their family included a playfellow of his own age, his delight was great.

"Aren't you glad I broke my arm?" he grinned. "'Cause now we're all 'quainted without any fuss!"

And the physician did laugh, as his little patient prophesied.—Emma C. Dowd, in Sunday School Times.

A CLEANER

Milk will do all these things successfully: It will clean piano keys: It will take discolorations from gilt mirror and pictures frames. Used in starch it will give a gloss. Used with blueing for lace curtains, it will make them look like new.

THE POETS' CORNER

THE ACCUSING BELL

Author Unknown.

What means that wondrous belfry there,
Within the market place,
With neither gate nor door to bar,
The winged wind's fleet pace?
Do men rejoice, or do they moan,
When this old bell is heard?
Besides, what means that form of stone,
The lofty steed there reared?

'Tis oft that passing strangers ask:
"What can these wonders be?"
Be mine my friend the cheerful task,
To tell the tale to thee.
Ingratitude's accusing bell,
This antique thing they call,
With glory round it hover still,
Our fathers' spirits all.

Unthankfulness, e'en in their day,
Was this world's foul reward.
Hence did they here this form display,
And by it ingrates awed.
Whoever felt that serpent's sting,
To him the right was given,
Himself the accusing bell to ring,
Though it were midnight even.

Then day or night in frost or thaw,
Come forth the judges must,
And seek according to the law,
The matter to adjust.
Then weighed not rank, then weighed not gold,
Alike stood slave and lord;
Those judges were not awed nor sold,
They spoke the righteous word.

With the century just expired,
Near here there lived a soul,
Who had, by luck or trade acquired,
Of wide domains control.
Of riches told his costly dress,
And style of life of course,
For use he kept—for show no less,
A splendid saddle horse.

When riding once at twilight dim,
Forth rushed six robbers fell,
From thickets dark, and set on him
With tiger spring and yell;
Now all aghast his menaced life,
Seemed on a hair suspended,
When lo, against the fearful strife,
His horse's speed defended.

All white with foam, the steed soon brought
His master home unmaimed,
When he impelled by grateful thought,
His horse's worth proclaimed;
Then gravely made this solemn vow,
To thee, my gallant gray,
Prime oats abundant I'll allow
Until thy latest day.

At length the horse grew old and sick,
Was stiff and lame and blind;
When gratitude, alas, too quick,
Forsook his master's mind.
He basely sought the beast to sell,
But vain his efforts all;
Then suddenly with spirit fell,
He drove him from his stall.

And there he stood the doorway near,
Till eight hours passed around,
And oft inclines his listening ear,
When steps within resound.
And now the stars shed forth their light,
Poor horse! unhoused, unfed,
Thus doomed to pass the chilly night,
The frosty stones his bed.

Still lingering there the following day,
The wretched creature stood,
Till forced by hunger's sting away,
To seek for needed food.
Around him, though the sun bright beamed,
Thick darkness drew her curtain;
And he that once all winged seemed,
Now walked with steps uncertain.

His right foot slow he forward moved,
Before a step he trod;
And step by step he testing proved
The safety of the road;
Thus groping sadly through the streets,
He grazes long the ground;
And grasps at every straw he meets,
As precious treasure found.

At last, by hunger's fiercer might
To skin and bones brought near,
He stumbled once at dead of night,
Into the bell house here.
All eager, neath starvation's pang,
He seized the bellrope there,
And while he gnawed, the old bell rang,
Loud through the midnight air.

The startled judges hurrying came,
According to the law;
And loud exclaimed in wonder's name,
When they the ringer saw.
They went not back in sportive mood,
Their downy beds to seek;
But all amazed, they cried: "'Tis God
That through this bell doth speak."

Straightway they send in legal form
The ingrate forth to bring,
Who, when aroused began to storm,
"You dream! what means this thing?"
He came, and soon, though proud his air,
Sunk tamely to the ground,
When, mid the court assembled there,
His hapless horse he found.

"Know'st thou this creature?" so accost
Him all the court arrayed,
"Had not thy life long since been lost,
But for his timely aid?
And how dost thou his service pay,
Thou giv'st him, man of ice,
To storms, to boyish sport a prey,
And hunger's pinching vice.

The accusing bell has duely tolled;
The plaintiff here you see,
The facts excuseless crime unfold
And therefore we decree:
That you take back that faithful steed,
Give him his stall anew,
Supply his every proper need,
As a Christian man should do."

The rich man sighed, he looked awry,
Chagrined and, vexed, of course,
Yet conscious of a crime so high,
He homeward led the horse.
Thus as the records briefly show,
I've detailed all the facts,
Hence from that horse of stone you know,
Our noble fathers' acts.

ROCK OF AGES

By Augustus M. Toplady.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flo
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pur

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no longer know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on the Throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

THE TEXAS RANGER

Author Unknown.

Come all you Texas Rangers, wh
ever you may be,
Some troubles I will tell you w
happened unto me;:
My name is nothing extra, but
truth to you I'll tell,
I am a jolly ranger, I'm sure I
you well.

'Twas at the age of sixteen I jo
this happy band,
We marched from Saratoga unto
Rio Grande;
Our captain he informed us, of co
he thought 'twas right,
Just before we reached that sta
says, "Boys, you'll have to fight.

I saw the Indians coming, I heard
give a yell,
My feelings at that moment no ho
tongue can tell;
I saw their glittering muskets,
arrows round did sail,
My heart it sank within me, my c
age almost failed.

I thought of my old mother, in
tears to me did say,
To you they are all strangers, wit
you'd better stay;
But I thought her old and childish
the best she did not know,
My mind was fixed on ranging a
was bound to go.

Our captain was our leader, to u
did command,
"To arms, you Texas Rangers, an
your horses stand."
We saw the smoke ascending, we h
their muskets sound,
And many a jolly Ranger fell lif
on the ground.

We fought for nine long hours be
the strife gave o'er,
The like of killed and wounded, I n
saw before;
Five hundred jolly Rangers as
roamed the west,
Lay silent in their slumber, sweet p
shall be their rest.

Perhaps you have a mother, like
a sister, too,
And maybe no a sweetheart, to w
and mourn for you,
If this be your condition, alth
you're bound to roam,
I'll advise you by experience, you
better stay at home.

TYING THE LEAVES

By E. S. S. Huntington.

Playmates were they, girl and lad,
She's home today, lad feels sad;
Doctor who calls whispers low,
"When the last autumn leaves fall,
she must go."
Lad, with a tear, climbs a tree,
"I'll keep her here," murmurs he;
Big man in blue sternly cries;
"What are you doing there?" lad
plies.

CHORUS.

"I'm tying the leaves so they w
come down,
So the wind won't blow them a
For the best little girl in the
wide world,
Is lying so ill today.
Her young life must go when the
leaves fall,
I'm fixing them just so they'll sta
I'm tying the leaves so they won't
down,
So Nellie won't go away.

Sad mother grieves day by day,
Watching the leaves hears boy say
"You mustn't cry for you see,
I have tied all the leaves fast upon
tree."
Doctor brings joy one glad day,
Mother tells boy Nell will stay,
Lad at girl's side cries with glee,
"That's what I said one day in a t

POEMS REQUESTED

The poem entitled The Fall of
Pemberton Mill is very much wan

The German version of The W
Mill is asked for, also the poem,
He Wouldn't Sell the Farm.

The Wilderness of Blood, publi
in a paper shortly after the batt
the Wilderness, is wanted.

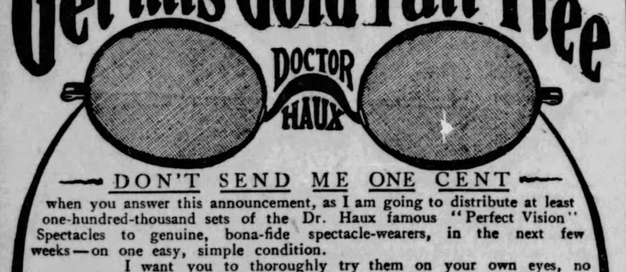
The recitation entitled "Wish I
a girl," is requested.

Will Carleton's, The Auto and
Mule, is asked for. It begins:
They called him saint,
For a better mule never had
known.

These are the first and last line
the opening verse belonging to an
hymn that is wanted: "There
beautiful world. That world is br
and fair."

Who can send in the poem with t
lines:
Bang! went the guns, the soldiers
fired,
But nobody seemed to be dead.

Get this Gold Pair Free



DON'T SEND ME ONE CENT

when you answer this announcement, as I am going to distribute at least one-hundred-thousand sets of the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles to genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearers, in the next few weeks—on one easy, simple condition.

I want you to thoroughly try them on your own eyes, no matter how weak they may be; read the finest print in your bible with them on, thread the smallest eyed needle you can get hold of and put them to any test you like in your own home as long as you please.

Then after you have become absolutely and positively convinced that they are really and truly the softest, clearest and best-fitting glasses you have ever had on your eyes and if they honestly make you see just as well as you ever did in your younger days, you can keep the ROLLED GOLD pair forever without a cent of pay if you accept my special extraordinary advertising proposition, and

JUST DO ME A GOOD TURN

by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them everywhere, at every opportunity.

Won't you help me introduce the wonderful Dr. Haux "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in your locality on one easy, simple condition?

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write me at once and just say: "Dear Doctor:—Mail me your Perfect Home Eye Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your handsome 10-karat ROLLED GOLD Spectacle Offer," and address me personally and I will give your letter my own personal attention. Address:—

DR. HAUX, (Personal), Haux Building,
ST. LOUIS, MO

NOTE.—The Above is the Largest Mail Order Spectacle House in the World, and Perfectly Reliable

Danderine

EVERYBODY CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL HAIR NOW, and they don't have to wait weeks and months for results either. You will notice marked improvement after the very first application.

Danderine is quickly and thoroughly absorbed by the scalp and the hair soon shows the effects of its wonderfully exhilarating and life-producing qualities. It is pleasant and easy to use—simply apply it to the scalp and hair once a day until the hair begins to grow, then two or three times a week till desired results are obtained.

Grows Hair and we can PROVE IT!

A lady from California writes in substance as follows: I have been using your wonderful hair tonic for several months and at last I am now blessed with a wonderful suit of hair that measures over 48 inches in length; the braid is over 8 inches around.

Another from New Jersey: After using sixth bottle I am happy to say that I have as nice a head of hair as anyone in New Jersey.

This Great Hair-Growing Remedy can now be had at all druggists in three sizes, 25c, 50c and $1.00 per bottle.

Cut This Out

FREE To show how quickly Danderine acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail to anyone who sends this free coupon to the Knowlton Danderine Co., Chicago with their name and address and 10c in silver or stamps to pay postage.

S YOUR LIFE WORTH A TWO CENT STAMP?

Neglected Heart Disease Can Lead to Only One End

HEALTH

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

I want humanity to have the benefit of my discovery. It is my ambition to place my Heart Tablets in the hands of every sufferer. My confidence is so great—I know so well just what they will do—that I will send a course of treatment, sufficient for a good, fair, honest test, by mail, postpaid, absolutely free, to any sufferer, anywhere. No case should be pronounced incurable before they are used.

SICKNESS

THOUSANDS HAVE HEART DISEASE AND DO NOT KNOW IT

ough ignorance of the symptoms they are being hurried on to almost certain death. While they doctor the stomach, lungs, ys or nerves, the true cause of their trouble—heart disease—obtains a most deadly grasp on the system. Nearly all of these hs are needless and could have easily been avoided had my heart treatment been used. **If you have any one—even only one—of following symptoms,** take steps to-day to protect yourself from sudden death. Delay may mean death.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

re is no part of the country ich remarkable cures have been made—cases pronounced urable and where all hope had been abandoned. A list of over 0 recent testimonials and enements—every one guarand genuine—will be sent with free treatment.

Fluttering; Palpitation; Skipping Beats; Shortness of Breath; Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, in the arm or under the shoulder blade; Fainting Spells; Nervousness; Dizziness; Sinking Spells; Spots before the eyes; Hungry or Weak Spells; Sudden Starting in Sleep; Nightmare; Choking Sensation in Throat; Oppressed Feeling in Chest; Cold Hands or Feet; Pain when lying on left side; Dropsy; Swelling of Feet or Ankles (one of the surest signs); or Neuralgia around the Heart.

Address Dr. F. G. KINSMAN, Box 920 Augusta, Maine

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 920 Augusta, Maine.

Please send me by mail, postpaid, absolutely free of charge, a course of your celebrated Heart Treatment.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

REE Dollar Bottle Vitaline

YOU PAY NOTHING FOR IT

Dr. Rainey says: "My scientific formula of Vitaline is the sure cure for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it's the most certain of all and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking

FILL COUPON BELOW

at they should have and must have made strong, vigorous and healthy. es no difference how weak you are w long you have had your trouble, e tablets will easily overcome it—will not fail nor disappoint you.

OUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY—Lost Vitality, ness, Weakness, Twitching, Jerking, Easily Wornout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

ACH TROUBLES—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

RT WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in ent or Exertion.

ARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped ing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness, Kidneys, Bladder. Lungs, Stomach or Bowels Catarrh.

D TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-down, Nerlood, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, of Flesh and Strength.

Exact size of Bottle containing 120 Vitaline tablets.

CLOSE 10 CENTS IN STAMPS OR COIN, for Postage, Packing, Etc.

r. Rainey Medicine Co., Dept. 4, 152 Lake Street, Chicago. I enclose amount for postage acking. Send at once by mail in plain package, $1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets, without cost bligation to me.

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This Engine Will Run in the Arctic!

This wonderful non-freezing Farm Pump Engine meets the widespread demand for cheap farm power in WINTER. Runs at 50 degrees below zero! It's a NEW INVENTION, yet so far has its fame extended that already it is in use in Labrador, in South Africa and other distant lands. Thousands of farmers delighted with it.

A Complete and Perfect Power Plant
No Belts! No Shafts! No Anchor Posts! No Towers!

The engine is different from anything ever known. An air-cooled engine of the most highly-perfected design, without fans or cooling attachments. Complete in itself, requiring no special platform, no belts, no arms, no shafts, no anchor posts, no pump jacks, no towers. Ready to run inside of 15 minutes after delivery! Tank holds a full day's supply of gasoline. Starts or stops instantly and needs no attention while running.

Fuller & Johnson Farm Pump Engine

Pumps 200 to 1,000 Gallons Per Hour!

This engine is absolutely supreme among engines designed for pumping. It fits any standard pump. Works in any well! Provides an abundance of pure fresh water for stock or domestic water supply systems.

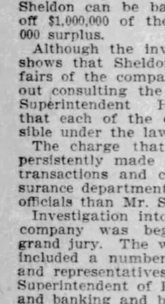
Runs All Sorts of Light Machinery. The engine has a 4-inch pulley for running hand-power machinery. It can be quickly detached from pump and carried wherever needed. **Fuller & Johnson High-Powered Engines.** These mighty engines are the supreme achievement in gasoline engineering. Built in sizes from 3 to 18 H. P. Inclusive—for stationary or portable work. "Open Water Jacket" type—**non-freezing** and trouble-proof. Most easily managed engines in the world!

How to Get a Fuller & Johnson Engine. Write for our Free Engine Book and name of nearest Fuller & Johnson Engine Dealer. DO IT NOW!

DEALERS—Write for the Agency! Only one dealer appointed in a town. Act quickly, or you will miss a great opportunity. Address at once—

FULLER & JOHNSON MFG. CO. (Established 1840) 595 Seeber St., **Madison, Wis.**

Fuller & Johnson Farm Implements have been leaders since 1840.



The Only Black That Stays Black

BLACK Your STOVES BLACK WITH STOVINK

The Only Black That Stays Black

STOVINK is the most wonderful preparation for Stoves ever discovered—totally unlike all others. **STOVINK** will not rub off, burn off or burn red. Keeps stoves like new. NON-EXPLOSIVE. One application lasts for more than a month. Easily and quickly applied with no work or dirt.

25c Buy STOVINK today from our representative in your city. **25c**

ATTENTION.—We need a few more live representatives in territory not yet occupied. STOVINK sells on sight. Write today for our proposition.

THE HAYDEN-GRIFFIN CO.
318 HURON ST., TOLEDO, OHIO

LEARN VETERINARY DENTISTRY and make **$2000** a year. We teach you at home in three months of your spare time by illustrated lectures and grant diploma with degree. Particulars free. The Detroit Veterinary Dental College, Detroit, Mich.

PROBE TO BE PUSHED

Critically Ill, President of Phenix Will Not Be Spared.

New York, Dec. 7.—The fact that George P. Sheldon is so ill at his home in Connecticut that he is expected to die, will not cause an abandonment of the criminal investigation and prosecution in the matter of the Phenix Fire Insurance Company of Brooklyn, from the presidency of which Sheldon was removed at the instigation of the state insurance department.

The department has placed the case in the hands of the district attorney and a number of men who have had office in the state insurance department will be called as witnesses.

W. H. Hotchkiss, superintendent of the insurance department, declared in his report that the Phenix Insurance company, through its president, had been in the habit of lending considerable sums to state insurance officials, and that for twenty-two years the company had not been investigated by the department. Four state insurance officials are mentioned, whose loans from the Phenix aggregate $260,000.

The insurance department believes that the company's risks to the public are not involved, and that the entire loss through loans negotiated by Sheldon can be balanced by crossing off $1,000,000 of the company's $3,000,000 surplus.

Although the investigation thus far shows that Sheldon managed the affairs of the company alone and without consulting the board of directors, Superintendent Hotchkiss declares that each of the directors is responsible under the law.

The charge that the company has persistently made false reports of its transactions and condition to the insurance department may involve other officials than Mr. Sheldon.

Investigation into the affairs of the company was begun today by the grand jury. The witnesses summoned included a number of insurance men and representatives from the office of Superintendent of Insurance Hotchkiss and banking and brokerage houses.

Henry Evans, who, in this crisis, has been called by prominent stockholders to assume the chairmanship of the executive committee of the Phenix Insurance company, issued an official statement this afternoon—the first since the trouble was made public—in which he declared his belief that the company's capital of $1,500,000 is intact and that there will be a net surplus of about $500,000.

Not Expected to Live.

Greenwich, Conn., Dec. 7.—Communication with George P. Sheldon, formerly president of the Phenix Insurance company of New York, concerning the affairs of that company is impossible owing to his critical illness. Mr. Sheldon, his wife and daughters occupy rooms in the Maples hotel here, where Mr. Sheldon is now under the care of two physicians and three nurses. One of Mr. Sheldon's daughters, Mrs. Thomas B. Wells, said today that no member of his family was acquainted with Mr. Sheldon's business affairs and that he was too dangerously ill to talk about the affairs of the Phenix Insurance company.

Mr. Sheldon suffered ptomaine poisonig six weeks ago. This soon developed into an inflammation of the muscular tissues of the heart and was complicated by an affection of the kidneys. Today Mr. Sheldon's chances of recovery were said to be very slender. Mrs. Wells said that at times her father's mind appeared to be irrational. Members of the family, who first learned of the charges against the management of the Phenix insurance company last night, stated that no counsel had been retained to act for the family in the case.

YOUR OWN BIG DOLL

Yes, we want to GIVE you this beautiful, golden-haired doll. She is 22½ feet tall, and you need not spend a cent of your money to get her. But let us tell you more about this charming little lady. She cannot be broken, has cheeks like two pink roses, and with her long eyelashes and lips that look as if they wanted to be kissed, she will make you love her as soon as you see her.

She is so big and fat that you will have to put her to bed in your own crib and dress her in your own outgrown clothes or some of the baby's. With a real child's dress on and a red bow that can't get lost or come untied in her bright curls, you will love a baby that all your little friends will admire, and you will love her better than your other dolls, because she is the kind that won't break, lose her eyes or suck her hair.

This doll is stamped in beautiful colors, on strong cloth, and mamma can sew her up on the machine in ten minutes. The printed directions will tell her how to make Miss Dolly so she will sit down, bend her arms and legs, and allow you to place her in all kinds of natural positions. She has on bright red stockings and black laced boots that will not wear out or grow shabby. She is the kind of doll your grandma used to play with, only the stuffed dolly of her day had no pretty face like a little live girl. Her eyes, if she had any, and mouth (and hair, if she had any) were made with ink or a burnt match.

Now you want this pretty baby doll, don't you? We will send it to you if you will send us only 2 trial subscriptions to THE WELCOME GUEST at 10c each. The Welcome Guest, Dept. X Portland, Me

PIERCE IS NOT GUILTY

Oil Man Wins in Trial for False Swearing.

Austin, Tex., Dec. 7.—The jury in the case of H. Clay Pierce, charged with false swearing, returned a verdict here today of not guilty.

Judge Calhoun, in a special charge to the jury, sustained the contention of Mr. Pierce's lawyers that he was immune for trial under the laws of Texas as the counsel for the state sought to use testimony given by Mr. Pierce on the witness stand in Missouri with the intention, if possible, of securing his conviction. After receiving the congratulations of a number of friends the defendant left the court room accompanied by his lawyers.

The sale of the Waters-Pierce Oil company's property, which was announced for 10 o'clock today, was postponed by Judge Wilcox until late today. This was done, it is stated, in order to permit H. Clay Pierce's lawyers to intervene in his behalf.

EQUINE SERUM BEST OF ALL

Frenchman Finds It Effective When Other Fails.

Paris, Dec. 7.—Experiments with the tuberculosis serum of horses have led Professor Vallee, a veterinary surgeon of Alfort, near Paris, to the conclusion that it has greater immunizing powers than any other.

Among the young beeves that have been used by him as subjects, an animal inoculated with virulent tuberculosis bacilli and left without treatment was found on being killed to be full of lesions, while another inoculated in the same manner and at the same time treated regularly with equine serum was, on being dissected, absolutely clear of any signs of disease.

Dr. Vallee apepals to physicians whose patients are human beings to take up the investigation where he perforce must leave it. He believes that the serum will be of the greatest value to manktind.

BOTH SIDES TAKE APPEALS

Bucks Stove Decision Goes Friendless to Supreme Court.

Washington, Dec. 7.—The American Federation of Labor today noted a cross appeal to the United States supreme court from the decision of the district court of appeals in the injunction case of the Bucks Stove & Range company, of St. Louis. Chief Justice Shepard allowed the appeal.

The St. Louis concern some time ago appealed from the decision on the ground that the court erred in modifying the injunction of the lower court. This cross appeal of the labor organization is based on the theory that the appellate court ought to have further modified the decree or reversed it. The result of both appeals, it is suggested, leaves the decision of the court of appeals friendless before the supreme court.

FIND NEW DEATH DEALER

Germans Are Turning Out an Improved Shell.

Spandau, Prussia, Dec. 7.—The shell and ammunition works here are being worked to their capacity on new artillery projectiles which combine the functions of shrapnel and shell. New firing regulations have just been issued to the Howitzer Batteries, which will be provided first with the new missle. It is understood that the whole artillery division will be supplied as soon as practicable, in order that a uniform ammunition may displace the two varieties now in use.

For half a generation the war office has been experimenting in the hope of solving the problem of a single projectile adapted for use as a shell against material resistance and at the same time practical as shrapnel against a living target. The German ordnance engineers, it would seem, have succeeded in making such a projectile.

MORGAN CLIQUE DEFEATED

Fails to Gain Control of Pennsylvania Coal Monopoly.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 2.—A clique of New York financiers, presumably led by J. P. Morgan, has failed in an attempt to gain control of the Pittsburg Coal company, the $64,000,000 corporation monopolizing the Pennsylvania coal fields. For many weeks a vigorous campaign has been conducted by the eastern men.

With the purchase of a block of 8,000 shares a few days ago, the eastern men learned that their plans to control the corporation were an open book to the Pittsburgers and that a lien was drawn to mark the extent of their investment. The purchases were made through the First National bank, New York.

The control here is maintained in great blocks. The Olivers hold 90,000 shares; M. H. Taylor, president of the company, has the great Senator Scott holdings, while the Mellons and Frick also hold big blocks.

APPEAL TO GREAT BRITAIN

Americans Urge Admission of Red Cross Stamps.

Washington, Dec. 4.—In an effort to get Great Britain to rescind its order forbidding the entry of mail bearing Red Cross stamps, the state department has cabled to Ambassador Reid at London, asking him to use his offices in the matter. The message stated that as many packages and letters bearing the stamps already have been sent, it would cause considerable inconvenience if they were not delivered.

PRESIDENT OUTLINES THE NATION'S NEEDS

In Taft's First Message He Shows a Great Reduction Has Been Made in Expenses of the Government.

In President Taft's message, which he sent to congress today, he leaves four important subjects to be dealt with in special messages. These are the Nicaraguan question, conservation of the nation's natural resources, needed amendments to the anti-trust and inter-state commerce acts, and the contemplated revision of the federal statutes governing the organization of the armed forces of the nation. His comments on the more important subjects follow:

Pan-American Affairs.

The Pan-American policy of this government has long been fixed in its principles and remains unchanged. With the changed circumstances of the United States and of the Republics to the south of us, most of which have great natural resources, stable government and progressive ideals, the apprehension which gave rise to the Monroe Doctrine may be said to have nearly disappeared, and neither the doctrine as it exists nor any other doctrine of American policy should be permitted to operate for the perpetuation of irresponsible government, the escape of just obligations, or the insidious allegation of dominating ambitions on the part of the United States.

Since the Washington conventions of 1907 were communicated to the government of the United States as a consulting and advising party, this government has been almost continuously called upon by one or another, and in turn by all of the five Central American Republics, to exert itself for the maintenance of the conventions. Nearly every complaint has been against the eZlaya government of Nicaragua, which has kept Central America in constant tension or turmoil.

At the date when this message is printed this government has terminated diplomatic relations with the Zelaya government, for reasons made public in a communication to the former Nicaraguan charge d'affaires, and is intending to take such future steps as may be found most consistent with its dignity, its duty to American interests, and its moral obligations to Central America and to civilization. It may be necessary for me to bring this subject to the attention of the congress in a special message.

Financial Conditions.

The report of the secretary shows that the ordinary expenditures for the current fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, will exceed the estimated receipts by $34,075,620. If to this deficit is added the sum to be disbursed for the Panama canal, amounting to $38,000,000, and $1,000,000 to be paid on the public debt, the deficit of ordinary receipts and expenditures will be increased to a total deficit of $72,075,620. This deficit the secretary proposes to meet by the proceeds of bonds issued to pay the cost of constructing the Panama canal. I approve this proposal.

In order to avoid a deficit for the ensuing fiscal year, I directed the heads of departments in the preparation of their estimates to make them as low as possible consistent with imperative governmental necessity. The result has been as I am advised by the secretary of the treasury that the estimates of the expenses of the government for the next fiscal year ending June 30, 1911, are less than the appropriations for this current fiscal year by $42,818,000. So far as the secretary of the treasury is able to form a judgment as to future income and compare it with the expenditures for the next fiscal year ending June 30, 1911, and excluding payments on account of the Panama canal which will doubtless be taken up by bonds, there will be a surplus of $35,931,000.

The new tariff law enables me to appoint a tariff board to assist me in connection with the department of state in the administration of the minimum and maximum clause of the act and also to assist officers of the government in the administration of the entire law. I believe that the work of this board will be of prime utility and importance whenever congress shall deem it wise again to readjust the customs duties. If the facts secured by the tariff board are of such a character as to show generally that the rates of duties imposed by the present tariff law are excessive under the principles of protection as described in the platform of the successful party at the late election, I shall not hesitate to invite the attention of congress to this fact and to the necessity for action predicated thereon. Nothing, however, halts business and interferes with the course of prosperity so much as the threatened revision of the tariff, and until the facts are at hand, after careful and deliberate investigation, upon which such revision can properly be undertaken, it seems to me unwise to attempt it.

Army and Navy.

The laws regulating the organization of our armed forces in the event of war need to be revised in order that the organization can be modified so as to produce a force which would be more consistently apportioned throughout its numerous branches. To explain the circumstances upon which this opinion is based would necessitate a lengthy discussion, and I postpone it until the first convenient opportunity shall arise to send to congress a special message upon this subject.

The military and naval joint board have unanimously agreed that it would be unwise to make the large expenditures which at one time were contemplated in the establishment of a naval base and station in the Philippine Islands, and have expressed their judgment, in which I fully concur, in favor of making an extensive naval base at Pearl Harbor, near Honolulu, and not in the Philippines. This does not dispense with the necessity for the comparatively small appropriations required to finish the proper coast defenses in the Philippines now under construction on the island of Corregidor and elsewhere or to complete a suitable repair station and coaling supply station at Olongapo, where is the floating dock "Dewey." I hope that this recommendation of the joint board will end the discussion as to the comparative merits of Manila Bay and Olongapo as naval stations, and will lead to prompt measures for the proper equipment and defense of Pearl Harbor.

The use of a navy is for military purposes, and there has been found need in the department of a military branch dealing directly with the military use of the fleet. The secretary of the navy has also felt the lack of responsible advisers to aid him in reaching conclusions and deciding important matters between coordinate branches of the department. To secure these results he has inaugurated a tentative plan involving certain changes in the organization of the navy department, including the navy yards, all of which have been found by the attorney general to be in accordance with law. I have approved the execution of the plan proposed because of the greater efficiency and economy it promises.

To Restrict Injunctions.

The ends of justice will best be met and the chief cause of complaint against ill-considered injunctions without notice will be removed by the enactment of a statute forbidding hereafter the issuing of any injunction or restraining order, whether temporary or permanent, by any federal court, without previous notice and a reasonable opportunity to be heard on behalf of the parties to be enjoined; unless it shall appear to the satisfaction of the court that the delay necessary to give such notice would probably result in irreparable injury to the complainant, and unless also the court shall from the evidence make a written finding, which shall be spread upon the court minutes, that immediate and irreparable injury is likely to ensue to the complainant, and shall define the injury, state why it is irreparable, and shall also endorse on the order issued the date and the hour of the issuance of the order. Moreover, every such injunction or restraining order issued without previous notice and opportunity by the defendant to be heard should by force of the statute expire and be of no effect after seven days from the issuance thereof or within any time less than that period which the court may fix, unless within such seven days or such less period, the injunction or order is extended or renewed after previous notice and opportunity to be heard.

My judgement is that the passage of such an act which really embodies the best practice in equity and is very like the rule now in force in some courts will prevent the issuing of ill-advised orders of injunction without notice and will render such orders when issued much less objectionable by the short time in which they may remain effective.

Postal Banks—Ship Subsidy.

The successful party at the last election declared in favor of postal savings banks, and although the proposition finds opponents in many parts of the country, I am convinced that the people desire such banks, and am sure that when the banks are furnished they will be productive of the utmost good. The postal savings banks are not constituted for the purpose of creating competition with other banks. The rate of interest upon deposits to which they would be limited would be so small as to prevent their drawing deposits away from other banks.

Following the course of my distinguished predecessor, I earnestly recommend to congress the consideration and passage of a ship subsidy bill, looking to the establishment of lines between our Atlantic seaboard and the eastern coast of South America, as well as lines from the west coast of the United States to South America, China, Japan, and the Philippines. The profits on foreign mails are perhaps a sufficient measure of the expenditure which might first be tentatively applied to this method of inducing American capital to undertake the establishment of American lines of steamships in those directions in which we now feel it most important that we should have means of transportation controlled in the interest of the expansion of our trade. A bill of this character has once passed the house and more than once passed the senate, and I hope that at this session a bill framed on the same lines and with the same purposes may become a law.

Territory of Alaska.

With respect to the territory of Alaska, I recommend legislation which shall provide for the appointment by the President of a governor and also of an executive council, the members of which shall have legislative powers sufficient to enable it to give to the territory local laws adapted to its present growth. I strongly deprecate legislation looking to the election of a territorial legislature in that vast part of the present population and the small number of the people who either permanently or temporarily reside in the district as compared with its vast expanse and the variety of the interests that have to be subserved, make it altogether unfitting in my judgment to provide for a popular election of a legislative body. The present system is not adequate and does not furnish the character of local control that ought to be there. The only compromise, it seems to me, which may give needed local legislation and secure a conservative government is the one I propose.

Conservation of Resources.

In several departments there is presented the necessity for legislation looking to the further conservation of our national resources, and the subject is one of such importance as to require a more detailed and extended discussion than can be entered upon in this communication. For that reason I shall take an early opportunity to send a special message to congress on the subpect of the improvement of our waterways, upon the reclamation and irrigation of arid, semiarid, and swamp lands; upon the preservation of our forests and the reforesting of suitable areas; upon the reclassification of the public domain with a view of separating from agricultural settlement mineral, coal and phosphate lands and sites belonging to the government bordering on streams suitable for the utilization of water power.

Discusses High Prices.

I have thus, in a message, compressed as much as the subjects will permit, referred to many of the legislative needs of the country, with the exceptions already noted. Speaking generally, the country is in a high state of prosperity. There is every reason to believe that we are on the eve of a substantial business expansion, and we have just garnered a harvest unexampled in the market value of our agricultural products. The high prices which such products bring mean great prosperity for the farming community, but, on the other hand, they mean a very considerably increased burden upon those classes in the community whose yearly compensation does not expand with the improvement in business and the general prosperity. Various reasons are given for the high prices. The proportionate increase in the output of gold, which today is the chief medium of exchange and is in some respects a measure of value, furnishes a substantial explanation of at least part of the increase in prices. The increase in population and the more expensive mode of living of the people which have not been accompanied by a proportionate increase in acreage production, may furnish a further reason. It is well to note that the increase in the cost of living is not confined to this country, but prevails the world over, and that those who would charge increases in prices to the existing protective tariff must meet the fact that the rise in prices has taken place almost wholly in those products of the factory and farm in respect to which there has been either no increase in the tariff or, in many instances, a very considerable reduction.

WM. H. TAFT.

The White House, Dec. 7, 1909.

PRESIDENT'S RECOMMENDATIONS

A ship subsidy to encourage American shipping.

Publicity of political contributions in elections of members of congress.

Civil pensions.

A higher rate of postage on periodicals and magazines.

A fund of $50,000,000 to aid in suppressing the "white slave" trade.

A commission to evolve a plan to expedite legal procedure and mitigate the "law's" delays.

Construction of an artificial island and fortification in the entrance to Chesapeake bay, two battleships and one repair ship for the navy and the establishment of an extensive naval base at Pearl Island, Hawaii.

A national bureau of health.

Statehood for New Mexico and Arizona and an appointive governor and executive council for Alaska.

Civil control of the lighthouse board and separation of the national astronomical observatory from naval control.

Celebration in 1913 of the semi-centennial of negro emancipation, and reimbursement of the depositors of the defunct Freedman's Trust and Savings company.

Consolidation of the bureaus of manufactures and statistics in the department of commerce and labor.

Appropriation for the remodeling of the District of Columbia jail.

MISSIONARIES CHASED OUT

Moqui Indians Think They Are Getting Too Much Religion.

Prescott, Ariz., Dec. 6.—Reports are coming in to Flagstaff concerning trouble on the Moqui reservation. The Indians appear to resent what they consider too much religious instruction. Rev. J. P. Epp and his family, who have been endeavoring to convert the Indians to Mennonite belief, have departed from Oraibi, driven out by the hostility of the Indians, and started for their former home at Newton, Kan. Miss Mary Schirmer came in from the reservation, where she has been doing missionary work, and started for California.

DECIDES FOR THE RAILROADS

Supreme Court Affirms Decision on Terminal Charges.

Washington, Nov. 29.—The supreme court of the United States today affirmed the decision of the United States circuit court for the district of Minnesota, restraining the enforcement of the order of the interstate commerce commission reducing from $2 to $1 per car terminal charges on live stock on the railroads entering Chicago.

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop dragging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of the splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary envelope, free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $5.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

OCEAN ISLANDS HAVE ERUPTION

Madrid, Nov. 19.—Official advices received from the island of Teneriffe state that the activity of the volcano that appeared in the mountains of Las Flores continued for only five minutes but that the eruption menaces all of the villages in the south of the island. The inhabitants, to whom the only way of escape is by sea, are panic stricken. The mountains in the vicinity are giving evidence of volcanic activity.

WOULD CHAIN GOD OF LOVE

School Superintendent Is Unable to Keep His Teachers.

McKeesport, Pa., Dec. 3.—Superintendent of Schools J. B. Ritchey, of McKeesport, has sent a recommendation to the board of education that in employing women teachers in the future, the board shall exact a bond binding the fair one not to marry until the full term is out. Mr. Ritchey has withinn the last two years been handicaped by his teachers marrying on 24-hour notice.

When Miss Ora Johnstone, one of the town's best teachers, married John Givens and fled to Florida, and when Maud Rosen, another teacher, announced her intended marriage in a few weeks and three other teachers filed notice that they would not be far behind, Superintendent Ritchey shouted in protest. Ten teachers has he lost by marriage in the last two years.

MOROS FORCE A FIGHT

Manila, Dec. 4.—Fanatical Moros and Sananos forced a fight upon a detachment of constabulary under Lieutenant Elarts, near Mount Malindang, Mindanao islands, last Sunday.

Six members of the constabulary, four porters and one policeman were killed and one of the constabulary was wounded. The aggressors left 20 of their number dead when they finally scattered.

Some 4,000 fanatics gathered in the vicinity of the mountain two weeks ago, and Gov. Pershing anticipated disorder. Constabulary reinforcements have been sent to the scene of the fight, but no further trouble is expected, as the tribesmen are reported to be returning to their homes.

55 DIE FROM PELLAGRA

Montgomery, Ala., Dec. 4.—There were 55 deaths from poisonings in Alabama from January to October, 1909, according to figures of the state health department, with 38 cases yet under observation. Of the dead 21 were whites and 34 negroes. About the same ratio with regard to race maintains with the cases under treatment. Many of the negro sufferers and some of the whites are in asylums for the insane.

Twenty of the 38 victims of the malady were habitual users of corn meal. Most of the patients are poor.

SUE ON ARMOR PLATE RIGHTS

Krupp Interests Bring Action Against Americans.

Pittsburg, Nov. 17.—Suit was begun in the United States court yesterday by the Krupp steel manufacturing interests of Essex, Germany, against the Midvale Steel company, of this city, the plaintiff charging infringement of certain rights. There are four suits entered involving the right of the Midvale Steel company to use the Krupp process of manufacutring armor plate.

The monopoly of the armor plate industry by Charles M. Schwab and the Bethlehem steel plant, also the United Steel Corporation will be involved in the court's decision in the present suit.

John S. Unger, expert metallurgist for the Carnegie Steel Co., was the only witness examined yesterday. His testimony relative to the patents used at the Midvale plant was given behind closed doors.

WAR BUDGET IS INCREASED

Germany Plans to Spend More Than $312,000,000 Next Year.

Berlin, Nov. 20.—The naval budget estimates of 443,100,000 marks for 1910, the largest in the history of Germany, has been received in silence by the newspapers, a discussion of them at the present time being regarded as inopportune. It is expected, however, that the details of the new budget will be examined critically when they are published next week.

While there will be no modification in the large shipbuilding program, the naval attaches stationed here are awaiting with interest specific information as to what part of the 171,000,000 marks for new construction will be spent on torpedo boats, submarines, etc. The total budget proposals of the government for the army and navy amount to 1,325,000,000 marks, (about $312,500,000), as against 1,077,803,000 (about $269,450,000) last year.

WHOLESALE POISONING TRIED

Deadly Pills Made to Kill Austrian Officers.

Vienna, Nov. 22.—A mysterious attempt at wholesale poisoning among military officers here has caused a sensation. A large number of officers, just promoted to be captains in the general staff, have received sample boxes of pills, accompanied by circulars, recommending them for nervous debility.

Captain Mader took some of the pills and died almost immediately. An autopsy revealed the presence of cyanide of potassium and that death had been caused by this poison. All the pills contained cyanide of potassium.

It is suggested the poison may have been sent by some disappointed officer or by anarchists.

BIG WHEAT INCREASE

Fall Sowing Far Ahead of Last Year.

Washington, Dec. 7.—The crop reporting board of the department of agriculture today estimated that the newly seeded area of winter wheat is 7:9 per cent greater than the revised estimated area sown in the fall of 1908, quivalent to an increase of 2,449,000 acres, the indicated total area being 33,483,000 acres. The condition of winter wheat on December 1, was 95.8 against 85.3 on that day last year.

The newly seeded area of rye is estimated at being 1.2 per cent greater than the revised estimated area sown in the fall of 1908—equivalent to an increase of 25,000 acres, the indicated total being 2,155,000 acres. The condition of rye on December 1 was 94.1, as compared with 87.6 last year.

The preliminary estimate of area sown to winter wheat this autumn and the condition December 1 by states are as follows:

States.	Area Sown.	Condition Per. cent.
New York	451,000	96
New Jersey	114,000	92
Pennsylvania	1,593,000	86
Delaware	102,000	88
Maryland	803,000	85
Virginia	808,000	85
West Virginia	419,000	91
North Carolina	672,000	89
South Carolina	473,000	92
Georgia	284,000	90
Ohio	2,036,000	95
Indiana	2,765,000	98
Illinois	2,300,000	100
Michigan	920,000	94
Wisconsin	69,000	97
Iowa	175,000	98
Missouri	2,207,000	98
Nebraska	2,767,000	98
Kansas	1,195,000	98
Kentucky	782,000	97
Tennessee	949,000	95
Alabama	134,000	95
Mississippi	2,000	94
Texas	1,295,000	98
Oklahoma	1,604,000	98
Arkansas	187,000	93
Montana	304,000	99
Wyoming	39,000	93
Colorado	116,000	93
Utah	163,000	97
Idaho	359,000	100
Washington	736,000	93
Oregon	497,000	94
California	1,145,000	100
United States	33,483,000	95.8

By states the area of rye sown and the condition December 1 were:

Michigan	367,000	95
Pennsylvania	385,000	87
Wisconsin	307,000	97
New York	178,000	96
Minnesota	125,000	93
Nebraska	84,000	97
New Jersey	87,000	97
Illinois	76,000	98

All other 546,000; 96 per cent.

United States, 2,155,000; 94.1.

The final estimates of the total acreage, production and farm values of principal crops for 1909 will be issued on December 15.

ELLIS JURY IS DISCHARGED

Little Rock, Ark., Dec. 7.—The jury in the case of W. Y. Ellis, charged with the murder of N. P. Willis, of Indianapolis, was discharged today after announcing it would be impossible for them to agree upon a verdict. The jury stood nine for conviction and three for acquittal.

COOK'S RECORDS IN DENMARK

Copenhagen Committee Delegated to Receive Them.

Copenhagen, Dec. 7.—Rector Torp, of the University of Copenhagen; Chancellor Salomonsen and Professor Ellis Stromgren have been delegated to receive the North Polar records of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, on behalf of the university. These records are being brought here by Dr. Cook's secretary, who has arrived at Christiansand.

As soon as the papers are in the possession of these men a consistory will be held at which a committee of examination will be appointed. The president of this committee will be Professor Stromgren and the other members will be made up of scientists and explorers such as Commodore Hovgaard.

CHERRY VICTIMS IN DISTRESS

Cold Weather Bears Heavily on Bereaved Families.

Cherry, Ill., Dec. 7.—A driving snow storm and bitter cold weather today added to the suffering of the women and children of Cherry who lost husband and father in the recent mine holocaust. Many appeals for heavy clothing were received at the relief commissary.

The cold today kept many witnesses away from the inquest into the mine disaster and the hearing dragged.

THE MARKETS

Toledo Grain Market.

Toledo, O., Dec. 7.—Reports of frost damage in Argentina was the main cause of the wheat advance early in the day. Toledo cash, December and May opened ½c higher and gained ⅛c before 10 a. m. July was unchanged at the outset, but shared in the general advance later in the early hours. Cash and December opened at $1.21½, May at $1.24½ and July at $1.02½. Liverpool responded in the bullish Argentine news by advancing sharply at the outset, though the market eased off somewhat near the middle of the day. Receipts in the northwest were a trifle heavier, but still light. Receipts were swelled in the local market by the arrival of a cargo of 104,000 bushels from Duluth. There were four cars of red winter wheat, three grading contract.

Following the bulge early in the day the market eased off on the government report, indicating 100,000 bushels more wheat than a year ago. Denial of damage from frost in Argentina also helped to force prices lower. Cash and December, after reaching $1.21⅞, dropped to $1.21⅛ at the close, the lowest point of the day but ⅛c higher than the previous finish. May closed ⅛c up at $1.24¼ and July steady at $1.02½. Liverpool closed unchanged to ⅜d higher.

Opinions are conflicting on corn, some dealers saying the crop is in deplorable shape and others setting forth an opposite opinion. With a yield of 121,000,000 bushels Ohio did well, especially since the quality is rated better than some time ago. Toledo December opened ½c higher at 59½c, May ⅛c advanced at 63c and July up ¼c at 63¼c. With the exception of a stiffer market for December, the situation was weaker as the morning progressed.

Final corn values: Cash and December 59¾c, May 63⅛c, July 63¼c.

Light receipts and a good demand in oats undoubtedly would put the price up, but these factors are counteracted by heavy stocks. Cash and December opened unchanged at 41½c, May ⅛c advanced at 45¾c and the far month steady at 43½c.

Closing oats prices: Cash and December 43¾c, May 45⅛c, July 43¾c.

Clover seed was from 5c to 7½c lower all around at the outset or during the first half hour. Cash and December started at $9.15, February at $9.27½ and March at $9.37½.

Speculative influences continue to dominate clover. Receipts were 250 bags against 525 a year ago. Shipments were 13 bags compared with 350 a year ago. Cash and December closed 5c off at $9.15, February 5c down at $9.27½, March 5c off at $9.32½.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close— Dec. 7.	Close— Dec. 6.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.21½	1.21¾	....	1.21¼	1.21
Dec	1.21½	1.21¾	....	1.21¼	1.21
May	1.24½	1.24⅞	....	1.24¼	1.24
July	1.02½	1.02⅝	1.02¼	1.02½	1.02½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	59¾	59
Dec	59½	60¼	....	59¾	59
May	63	63¼	....	63¼	62⅞
July	63¼	....	63⅛	63¼	63¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	43¾	43½
Dec	43½	44	....	43¾	43½
May	45¾	45¾	....	45½	45½
July	43½	44	....	43¾	43½
Clover Seed—					
Cash	9.15	....	....	9.15	9.20
Dec	9.15	....	9.12½	9.15	9.20
Feb	9.27½	....	9.25	9.27½	9.32½
March	9.37½	....	9.30	9.32½	9.37½
No. 2	....	....	....	8.92½	....
N. E. G.	....	....	....	6.75	....
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	76½	76½
No. 3	....	....	....	73	73
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.85	1.85
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.20	8.20
Dec	....	....	....	8.20	8.20
March	....	....	....	8.35	8.35

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec	1.07⅜	1.08¼	1.07	1.07¼	1.07½
May	1.07⅝	1.07⅝	1.07	1.07¼	1.07⅜
July	98¼	99	....	98⅛	98¼
Corn—					
Dec	58¼	59¼	....	58¼	58
May	61½	62¼	....	61⅝	61½
July	61	61⅝	....	61¼	61
Oats—					
Dec	41	41¾	40⅞	41¼	50⅞
May	42⅝	43⅜	....	43¼	42⅜
July	40⅜	40⅞	....	40⅝	40½

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Dec	1.17¼	....	....	1.17⅜	1.17¼
May	1.14½	1.15	....	1.14	1.14⅛

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec	1.08⅞	1.08¼	....	1.08½	1.08⅝
July	1.08¼	1.08¼	1.07⅝	1.07⅞	1.08⅛

MINNEAPOLIS.

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